

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THRILLING PRECIPICE ADVENTURES

See
Pages
1 and 5

HERO OF GIBRALTAR

THE CLIMBER ON THE ROCK

All Night on the Edge of a Precipice

CORPORAL JENNINGS SAVES THE SITUATION

Private Page found himself in a precarious position the other day.

He was climbing the upper rock of Gibraltar, and after much difficulty he managed to hoist himself on to a narrow ledge. Then he realised that he had climbed into a trap—he could neither go up nor down.

Above him the rock soared 800 feet almost sheer to the sky, and the only way of regaining the very small foothold below was by hanging on his hands from the ledge.

But unfortunately there was nothing farther down that he could grip which could save him from a headlong fall. The only thing to do was to lie helpless on the ledge and shout for help, hoping that he would soon be rescued.

A Terrible Ordeal

When his friends realised the terrible position he was in Corporal Jennings, a sapper, volunteered to climb down from the top and try to rescue him. It was fast growing dark, and floodlights were brought to play on the surface of the rock.

Every attempt to reach Private Page failed, however. Yet his comrades were not going to leave him all alone, and a number of them spent the night in trying to keep up his spirits. They took turns in shouting cheerful messages to him by megaphone.

Every hour it became harder for Page to keep on the narrow ledge as he lay there cramped and cold and not daring to move.

Then the dawn came, and as soon as it was light enough Jennings started on his 800-foot descent.

A Sheer Miracle

Many have been the exciting scenes which have been witnessed by this great Rock, traditionally believed to be one of the ancient Pillars of Hercules, and in more modern times besieged on at least fifteen occasions.

This latest adventure will be remembered in Gibraltar for many a day. While Jennings slowly let himself down the precipice the onlookers could hardly bear to watch him, so many times was the rope in danger of breaking as it chafed against the rocks. But he eventually reached his comrade, who had almost collapsed after his long and terrible ordeal.

Here was another dead weight for the rope. Jennings fastened him to it, and at last they were hauled up the difficult ascent. By a sheer miracle the two men reached safety.

The Sower Goes Forth To Sow



For thousands of years corn has been sown by hand, but for some time it has been rare to see a man scattering seed on the fields. This picture was taken in Perthshire.

GEORGE WASHINGTON STEPS DOWN

THERE never was a nobler President of the United States than George Washington, first in honour, first in courage, first in the hearts of his countrymen during his lifetime and today.

But was he the first President? Eight years before he was elected John Hanson of Maryland was the man who caught the eye of the Continental Congress which met in Philadelphia on November 5, 1781.

The first act of Congress, according to John Hanson's latest biographer, was to elect this representative of Maryland President of the United States in Congress Assembled. If that did not make him first President of the United States, what else was he?

But John Hanson's biographer, who dedicates his book about him to all great men passed over in history, brings other proofs to support his assertion. Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, sent to George Washington and to other

State Governors a message saying that this body had proceeded to the choice of a President and had elected for the ensuing year His Excellency John Hanson.

John Hanson two days later himself wrote to George Washington thanking him on behalf of a grateful country for his services. Washington, not to be outdone, congratulated Hanson on his appointment.

There seems no uncertainty about it. John Hanson of Maryland, good honest man, served his country as President for a year—and left no mark in history.

Then perhaps he went back, like another American hero, to his bees and his cows, and we can scarcely accept him as a great man passed over. He was more fortunate in his life and its reward than greater men have been. And the curious result of it all appears to be that George Washington steps down from his high place as America's First President.

THE LOST CITY

SEEN UNDER THE WAVES

Scientist Goes Down With the Russian Divers

REMARKABLE FILM

A few months ago a correspondent of the C.N. told our readers about an expedition by the Russian Government to find out all it could about an old city that flourished some two thousand years ago on the south shore of the Crimea and had vanished.

People thought its ruins might lie at the bottom of the sea. So divers and scientists with curious tubes and other instruments went down to the bottom and searched for fifty minutes. They found only big stones. The next time their boat was dashed on the rocks and sunk.

But the expedition went on searching, and at last located the lost city. Then Professor Grinevitch descended to a depth of from thirty to sixty feet with the divers and saw that it was really Cherson, the city that had disappeared, leaving no visible trace. And he drew a map of the sea bottom.

Sixty Feet Down in the Waters

Then the Russian Government sent more divers and kinema operators, and told them to do everything possible to get good pictures. And they did. This was the first time in history that kinema men made a film in the sea at a depth of sixty feet. They had to wear the same kind of costumes as the divers, and although they were sixty feet below the surface they were able to do their work without artificial light because the Sun's beams were very powerful, and the water was transparent.

Still it was hard work, for the operators had to go down 45 times before they got a complete picture of the submerged city, which is walled in and shaped like a horseshoe. The walls were strengthened by eighteen towers, but the water has destroyed parts of the walls so that their height today is only from four to six feet.

The Temple in the Sea

The buildings are arranged in even rows, with a large square in the centre in which people used to meet to discuss public affairs. On one side of the square are the ruins of a temple. The two paved streets leading from the square to the harbour are overgrown with weeds.

Professor Grinevitch found that the city—which was Greek—perished, not suddenly by an earthquake, but little by little, sinking until it was abandoned by its inhabitants and at last completely submerged. That was 17 centuries ago.

The film of all this, which is said to be well done, shows the busy life of the marine animals and the strange forms of sea plants side by side with the ruins of the dead city, the crabs in the towers, and the lively fishes darting about reflecting the rays of the far-off Sun.

IRELAND AND ITS SOLEMN WORD

DE VALERA BREAKS IT

Suggested Abolition of the Oath of Allegiance

TREATY MUST BE KEPT

An unfortunate situation has arisen in Ireland concerning the new Government's relations to the Mother Country.

President De Valera had not been in power in Ireland many days before he sent word to the British Government that Ireland would no longer recognise the Oath of Allegiance to the King.

All parties at Westminster had hoped that the age-old Irish Question had been settled for ever by the Treaty adopted ten years ago, and the great progress of ordered government under Mr Cosgrave had supported that opinion. The Oath of Allegiance, which was the one link to hold Ireland in the Empire, was carefully considered at the time, and was modified in a special way to meet the susceptibilities of the Irish people.

The Oath of Allegiance

This is how the Oath reads:

I . . . do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by Law established, and that I will be faithful to His Majesty King George, his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Mr De Valera has taken the Oath and all the members of his party in the present Irish Parliament have done so.

But, knowing that they would have to take it if elected, some Irishmen, republicans by conviction, have declined to stand for election. They say that the Irish Free State, if really free, should be able to frame its own Constitution and that those who voted for De Valera did so to get the Oath abolished.

Breaches of Faith

Another argument is that the Statute of Westminster has entirely altered the relations of all the Dominions with the British Government.

That is not, of course, to be doubted, but the pity is that Mr De Valera, in spite of his declaration of friendship, raises the matter of the Oath in a most tactless way and declares at the same time that Ireland will not pay certain debts she owes this country. That is, in a word, a declaration of repudiation.

The abolition of the Oath would be a breach of political faith.

The repudiation of the debts would be a breach of business faith.

The view of the British Government is, of course, that the Treaty cannot be broken by either party alone.

The great majority of the people of Ireland have recognised the Treaty as a satisfactory basis of settlement after long years of dispute. Mr De Valera's declaration is the act of politicians and not the voice of a nation, and it is unthinkable that it should be carried out.

Irish People in England

What it would mean is that Ireland would regard herself as a foreign country in the British Empire, from which it would follow that all Irish people in England, Scotland, and Wales would become strangers within our gates.

There is, of course, no question of force in the matter, for the British Commonwealth has no desire for one unwilling citizen; but there is no question, on the other hand, of the British people accepting a situation so ridiculous, so ill-timed, and so ill-conceived. In a matter of such moment a nation must speak for itself with no uncertain voice, and it cannot be said that Mr De Valera speaks for Ireland.

THE LITTLE HOUSE FOR THE PRINCESS

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

Curious Adventure of a Birthday Gift From Wales

WARM HEARTS AND CLEVER HANDS

Welsh efficiency, Welsh generosity, and once more Welsh efficiency—this is the story of the little thatched cottage presented by the people of Wales to Princess Elizabeth for her sixth birthday. It comes from warm hearts and clever hands.

Weighing ten tons, the cottage is 22 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 16 feet high, and the curve of its eaves gives it a grace and beauty all its own. Welsh craftsmen have filled it with Welsh furniture, and all the decorators, artisans, and other workers in the building and allied trades have made the little home complete with electric light, gas cooker, telephone, and wireless set.

And one more thing was thought of: the insurance policy. This was made out in miniature, £750 for the house and £500 for its contents. This unique policy was handed over with the deeds, and the Duke of York took them home, in his pocket, while the house started to follow by road on a steam lorry.

Welsh Efficiency

On the way some sparks set the house on fire, and only the energy of an A.A. Scout and a local fire brigade saved it.

Here Welsh efficiency took up the challenge. Mr Morgan Willmott, the architect, set to work to restore the roof and damaged walls in time not only for the birthday, but for the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. He reassembled his painters, his plumbers, his carpenters, and his electricians at Cardiff, and sent them to London with all necessary materials for replacements. Then he took an aeroplane to be able to arrange matters in London.

But the cheque for £750 promised on the unique insurance policy reached London even before the plane!

Princess Elizabeth will now have something which has been through fire and water to reach her, and the C.N. wishes her many happy hours in her own Welsh home.

Picture on page 3

BATH PLAYERS COME TO LONDON

Members of the Little Theatre, Citizen House, Bath, have made a bold experiment lately by coming to London, and presenting John Masefield's passion play *The Trial of Jesus*.

To present such a difficult play satisfactorily would tax the skill of the most experienced actors. The Bath players, who are amateurs, made a heroic effort, and some much grander productions of tragedies would have gained if they had been as sincere as this performance.

At present, however, there is not enough talent among these players to fill so large a caste as is required for this play, but there is so much enthusiasm among the students of the Bath Schools for Dramatic Production that improvement, we are sure, is only a matter of time.

There were some among the players who gave memorable performances, and one of these was Pilate. The settings of the scenes were simple and sometimes beautiful. The audiences will not easily forget the stately figure of Jesus silhouetted against the sunset or Pilate seated on the judgment throne.

MOLLISON'S AMAZING FLIGHT

The record flight of James Mollison has brought Cape Town many hours nearer. The actual time of his journey from Lympe, in Kent, was 4 days 17 hours and 19 minutes.

WATCHING THE NEW WORLD GROW

The Strength of the League

RIGHT STRONGER THAN MIGHT

By Our League Correspondent

We in Geneva who have followed each stage of the difficult time through which the League of Nations has lately passed have seen it as a time of real growth.

The new world is far firmer on its feet today than when Japan first began its war on China six months ago.

We have heard nearly fifty nations, other than the Great Powers, state very plainly their opinion on Japan's action and say very definitely what should be done. Had the Assembly been called last October we can almost certainly say there would have been no Japanese war. In the months between we have seen Japan acting as if it still believed itself to be living in the old world where Might was Right, and the Great Powers doing exactly the same thing, so that Japan had nothing to fear.

Many Voices

But it was a different matter when the Assembly met, and we who heard those statements one after the other knew that the power of Might was crumbling.

"We have signed a Covenant and a Pact," said those smaller nations, "and we do not allow them to be broken with impunity."

"No State has the right to invade another today; no country today is able to do just what it likes," were the words reiterated over and over again.

Had there been only one or two to say these things their voices might have been silenced, but there were too many to silence and they were supported by true internationalists everywhere—in the Secretariat, in the Geneva newspapers, and in the many organisations which have untiringly urged action.

So Might retired and those who stood for Right won the day.

Japan had at last to bow to their judgment and comply with their demands. The struggle is over and victory is finally won for the side of Right as against Might. However slow Japan may be in carrying out the evacuation, however many obstacles may be put in the way of total withdrawal, however difficult the final settlement may prove to be, the victory has been won and our new world is the stronger for the ordeal it has passed through.

ANOTHER TREASURE FOR US ALL

On a crag dominating the ancient lead-mining village of Castleton in Derbyshire stands a grim Keep and curtain walls, relics of the Norman Conquest. It is Peveril Castle, and it has now been taken over by the Office of Works.

Scott used this castle in his story *Peveril of the Peak*; so that this bit of good news will interest thousands who know it in that way but have never seen it. Few Norman castles have such a wonderful situation, its white gleam being seen for many miles. Lancashire has a similar one in Clitheroe Castle, towering above the busy shopping street.

THE MESSENGER BOY

Victor Charles Riches was a Post Office messenger boy who died last year. He suffered always from serious eye trouble, and, had he lived, would almost certainly have become blind.

Yet in his short life of very scanty leisure he managed to produce work which will live on after him. He painted pictures in water-colour quite alone. He had no professional lessons, yet six of his paintings hang in the Civil Service Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, among recognised artists such as Sir William Rothenstein and Sir Charles Holmes.

THIS MAD WORLD

BURNING AND DROWNING COFFEE

The Extraordinary Problem Now Before Mankind

FAILURE OF CIVILISATION

We have received remarkable details of the glut of coffee which has occurred in Brazil through trade depression.

At the end of last July the Brazilian Government had no less than 20 million bags of coffee in its warehouses, while there was a new coffee crop of 15 million bags. The total world consumption for 1932 was estimated at under 25 million bags, and it followed, therefore, that Brazil had more than enough coffee to supply the entire world demand.

It was in these circumstances that the Brazilian Government exchanged a million bags of its surplus coffee with the United States for 25 million bushels of wheat. A little later Brazil was able to exchange more coffee with the Italian Government for a number of aeroplanes. She is also endeavouring to exchange coffee with Germany for coal.

Wasted Surplus

These measures, however, only slightly reduced the tremendous surplus, and therefore Brazil decided to burn a large part of the coffee. It is estimated that something like £2,000,000 worth was destroyed. The burning was done systematically, beginning with 14,000 bags a day. A large quantity was also dumped into the ocean.

It may be asked what becomes of the Brazilian coffee-planters when their coffee is thus destroyed. The answer is that the Brazilian Government levies a special tax of 10s a bag on each bag of coffee exported, and with the money so raised they recompense the planters who had raised the wasted coffee. The ashes of the coffee are used for manure.

This is a story which should be printed in every newspaper in the world and told in every school. It is an epitome of the folly of the existing commercial organisation of the world, which fails to bring producers and consumers together and denies to the world its own plenty.

Supply and Demand

Time was when men did not know how to raise as much food as they needed, and famines occurred which represented their failure to feed themselves in difficult natural circumstances. How different is the case today! With his improved crops, his agricultural machinery, and his knowledge how to combat the attacks of injurious insects and diseases, man is now able to produce food abundantly.

No sooner is abundance produced, however, than we are told that there is no effective demand, which simply means that civilisation has failed to give purchasing power to poor people who sorely need the world's products.

This, above all, is the great problem of our time, and we should never cease thinking about it and discussing it until we have found a remedy for a state of things allied to absurdity and near to madness.

THINGS SAID

Belief is nine-tenths of life.

Dr T. R. Glover

It is better to live in a house too small for one's purse than in one too large.

Mr Walter Runciman

Failures and delays on the railway are now one quarter less than five years ago.

Lord Ashfield

You cannot build a reputation on the things you are going to do.

Scout Thought for the Week

The whole question of who is a man's neighbour has now a new meaning.

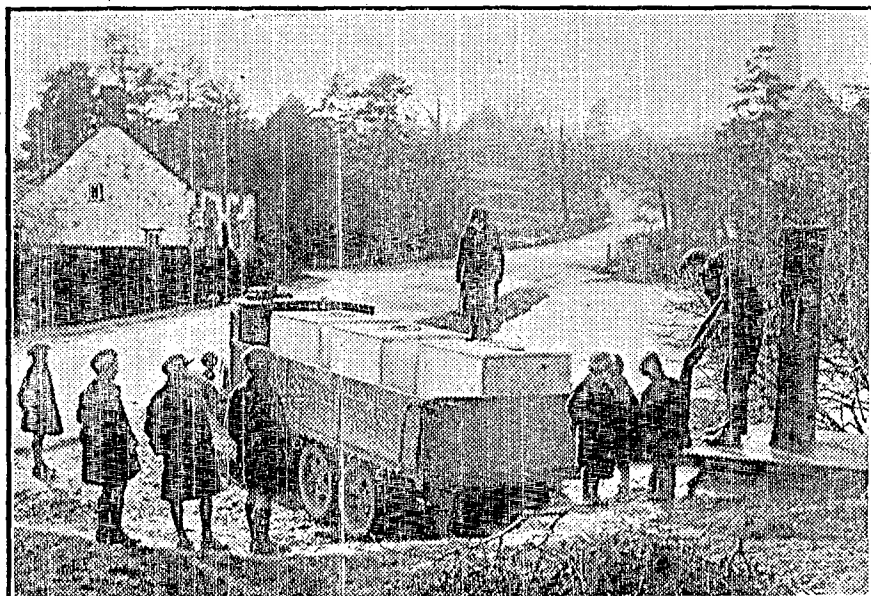
Mr Baldwin

April 9, 1932

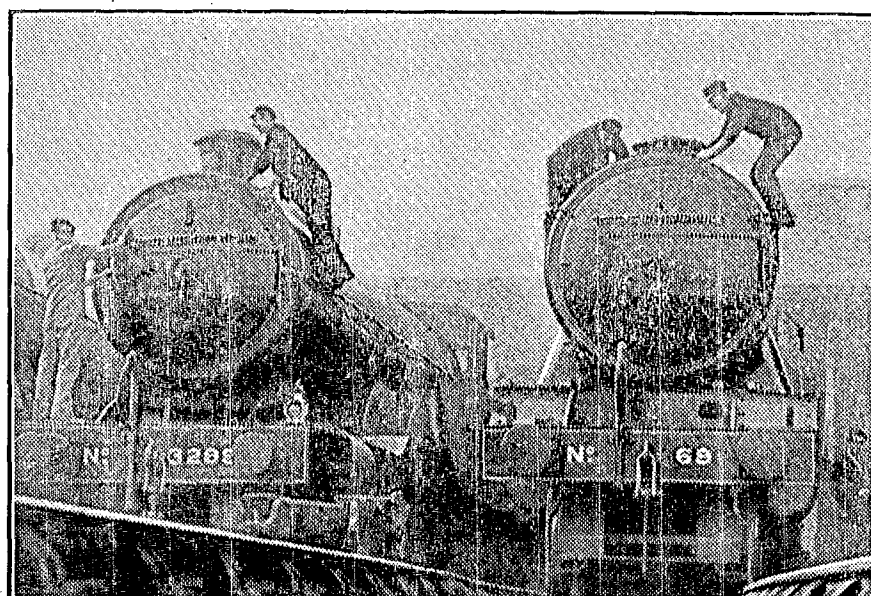
The Children's Newspaper

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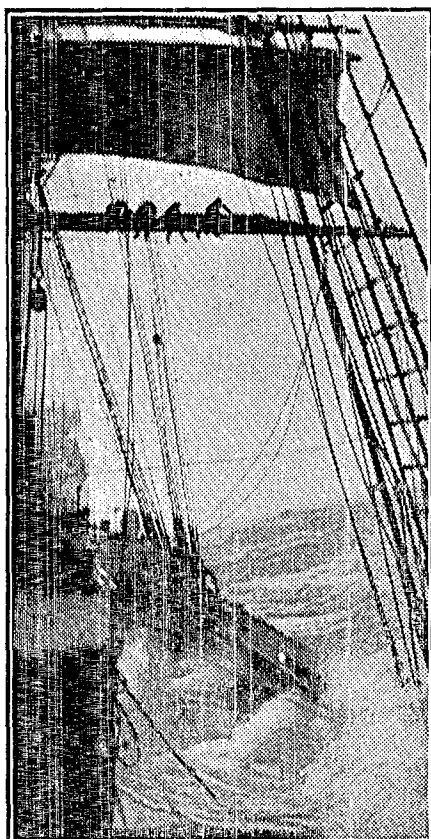
ROUNDING CAPE HORN · GIANT RHODODENDRON · LINER'S RUDDER



A Winter Drought—The long drought caused a shortage of water in many parts of the country-side. This lorry distributed water among farms in outlying districts of Yorkshire. See page 12.



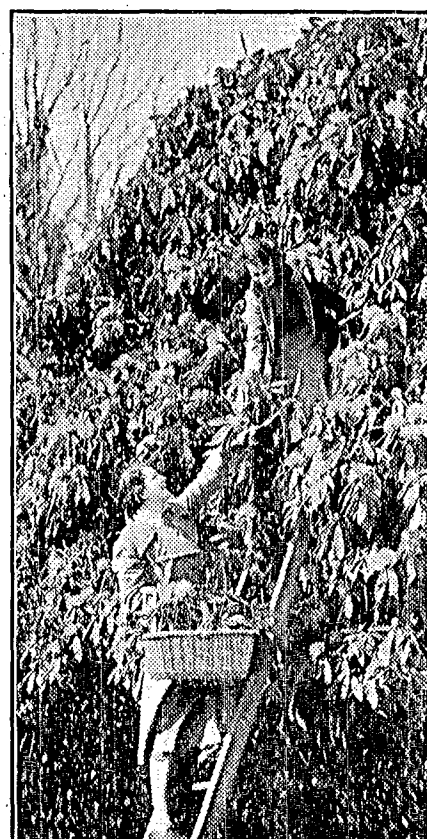
Spring-Cleaning—This striking picture of L.N.E.R. engines was secured at King's Cross when the giants were lined up outside the sheds to receive their spring-cleaning.



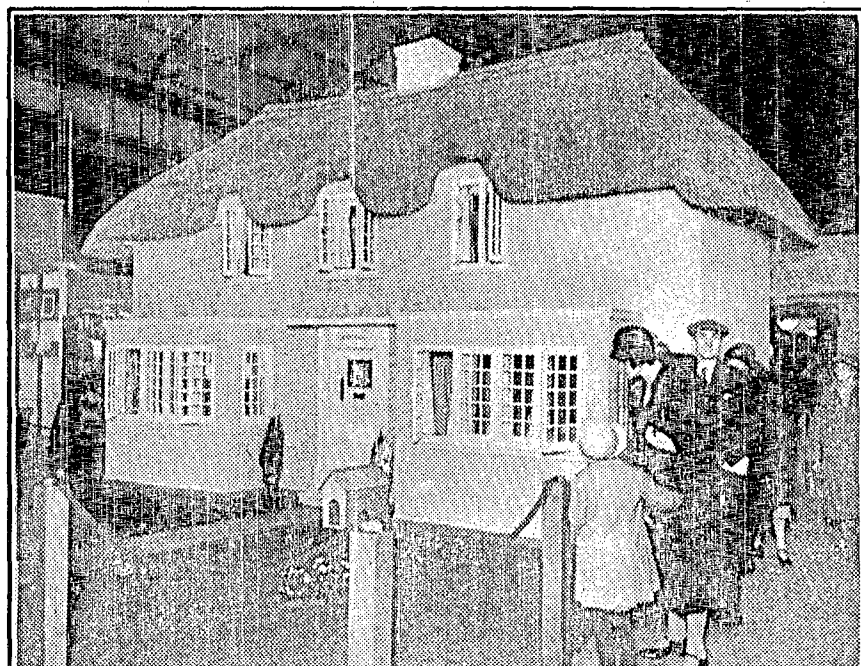
Life at Sea—The thrill of a voyage in a wind-jammer is vividly shown in this picture of seas breaking over the deck of a vessel as it rounded Cape Horn.



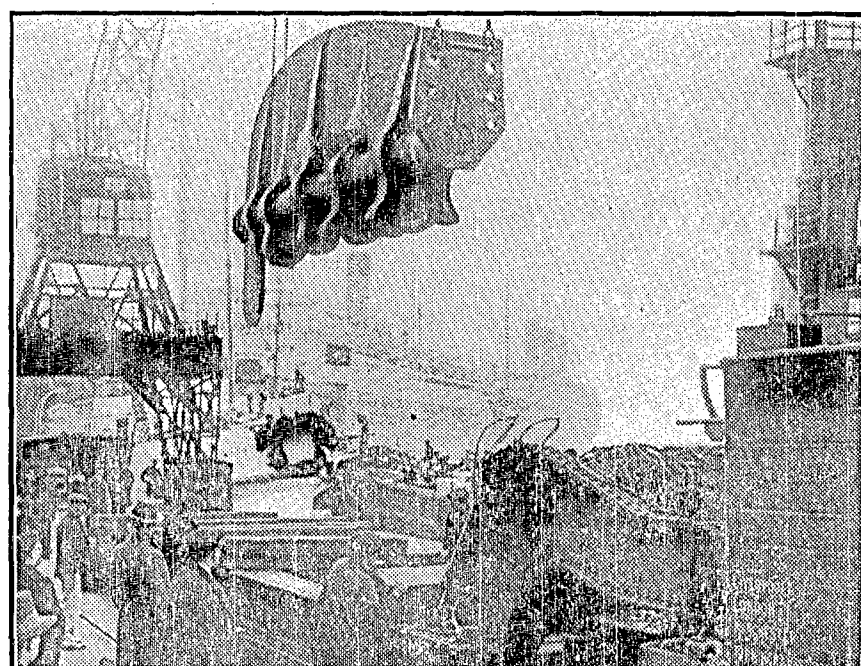
An Imaginary Fish—These little people were not on a fishing expedition, but they allowed their imagination to run loose as they stood by a bridge over the River Ouse at Great Ouseburn. The fish they saw was bigger than any that has come out of the Ouse.



Early Blooms—Rhododendrons have been in bloom for some time at Penryn near Falmouth. This huge tree has had about four thousand blooms this year.



Princess Elizabeth's Cottage—Here is the little thatched cottage which the people of Wales have given to Princess Elizabeth as a present for her sixth birthday on April 21. See page 2.



A Giant Rudder—The 55-ton rudder of the Cunard liner Boreangaria is here seen being loaded on to the great motor-lorry which carried it to Darlington to be overhauled. See page 12.

A TABLET IN TIMBUCTOO

THE MAJOR WHO IS NOT FORGOTTEN

First European To Reach the Mysterious City

A HERO'S GRAVE

Timbuctoo is still to many of us somewhere at the other end of nowhere, and it must have seemed so lately to the British Consul of Dakar in Senegal, who travelled 1200 miles through jungle and across great tracts of desert to this once mysterious city.

He did this to attend the ceremony of unveiling a tablet commemorating Major Gordon Laing, the first European to set foot in Timbuctoo.

Fighting the Slave Trade

Over a hundred years ago, when Major Laing was aide-de-camp to the Governor of Sierra Leone, the terrible conditions of slaves in the interior of Darkest Africa filled him with indignation and horror. He was determined that slave-trading should be abolished, and made up his mind to devote his life to the cause of the slaves.

For two years he worked in the interior, never resting in his efforts to persuade chiefs to give up this trading.

He combined this work with exploration. It was his ambition to trace the Niger to its source, for nobody knew where the river had its origin.

In spite of his indomitable spirit this Scotsman could not stand the climate, and his health broke down. He was sent home on leave, and as a reward he was promoted to the rank of major.

An Adventurous Journey

He did not stay longer than he could help in the home country. The call of Africa soon brought him back to the work which meant so much to him. This time he started his expedition from the North, crossing hundreds of miles of the Sahara as he made his way toward the Niger River. He must have been thrilled as Sheikh Babani, his guide, told him all about the mysterious city of Timbuctoo, into which no European had ever entered, and he resolved to penetrate its mysteries.

Many were the mishaps on the journey. His attendants, a British sailor and a black boy, died of fever. His guide also died, and once Laing was attacked by Arabs, wounded in twenty places, and left for dead.

There were good and bad sheiks, and he was found by a friendly one and nursed back to life. At last he reached Timbuctoo. But he knew at once that he could not stay there. There were suspicion and hostility on all sides at the presence of a European, and he was ordered to leave.

A Treacherous Chief

Ahmadu Ben Abeida, chief of the Berabich tribe, guaranteed him safe escort for about 200 miles to the oasis of Arauan, and all in good faith, on a September day of 1826, Major Laing set out for the North. He was only thirty miles from the city when he was pursued by this treacherous chief, who demanded that he should abjure his faith and turn Mussulman. When Major Laing haughtily refused Ben Abeida commanded his men to bind the British officer so that he could not defend himself. Then he thrust his lance through his heart and ordered his fanatical followers to cut off his head.

But the murdered explorer was never forgotten. Over eighty years passed, and then the place of the murder was located by the French authorities. As reverently as if Major Laing had been a Frenchman they carried his remains to Timbuctoo and buried them with all honour; and so the first European who entered that once almost impenetrable city lies there for all time in a hero's grave.

THREE MEN AND A DREAM

What They Have Done AN IDEA FOR IDLE HANDS

The people of Bury will rub their eyes and look again with amazement when they pass a certain corner of this busy Lancashire town, for a bit of ground, desolate and barren, has blossomed.

This is the story of what a churchyard looked like in 1928 and what it is like today. Three old men are responsible for the transformation. They dreamed a dream and have brought it true.

The church is surrounded by large offices and shops. On either side of the pathway to it is a bit of open ground seldom touched by the sun, and here in 1928 stood two forlorn ash trees and nothing else. Today snowdrops and crocuses are in bloom by the side of the path, daffodils and tulips are peeping through the soil, while rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs are preparing to make a brave show.

Rockeries and Flowers

At the back of the church were hundreds of graves marked by flat stones, surrounded by a wall eight feet high with wooden gates that no one could see through. But nobody wanted to, for there were only six miserable ash and sycamore trees to be seen. That was in 1928. Today there are over a hundred kinds of shrubs, no gravestones, but two rockeries in the centre of a garden full of crocuses and snowdrops, daffodils and other bulbs, for all to see.

All this has been done by three men, two of them over seventy. The eldest, we are glad to know, is a reader of the C.N., and one of the others is an unemployed man over sixty. They have been hard at work with pick and spade, draining between the gravestones and tiling the footpaths. It has all been done for love and beauty; but to cover the expenses the trustees gave a pound, a few people subscribed, collections were taken at tree-planting ceremonies, and the members of the congregation thought nothing of turning up with a few more tiles or some soil from their own gardens.

If only there were a few more elderly men like these three men of Bury we know hundreds of dreary plots of ground that need their touch. And if only our unemployed would follow the example of the youngest of the trio and start on any bit of work that is handy they would have their reward abundantly in doing something for our country, which is doing what it can for them.

A WONDERFUL CHANCE FOR ENGLAND

Roman Amphitheatre For £16,000

Over the Roman amphitheatre of Chester the new bypass road has not yet been driven.

There is yet a wonderful chance to preserve this monument of many thousand yesterdays for the England of tomorrow.

The Chester City Council, with more affection for motor-cars than for memories, persists in its intention to drive the road right through the middle of the arena. If the road so constructed comes into being with its solid foundations of concrete, the amphitheatre and its secrets will be hidden for ever.

It will soon be buried as if it had never been.

The alternative is to deflect the new road away from the Roman remains. That would cost £8000. Another £8000 would buy up the whole site and afford funds for laying the amphitheatre bare. In short £16,000 will buy for Chester and for England a Roman amphitheatre. It does not seem dear at the price. Who will subscribe?

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Suppose We Had No Churches

Not all of us count our blessings.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking the other day on the mission to lonely dwellers on the veld in South Africa, reminded us how lucky we are in having churches and services provided for us every Sunday.

Things are very different in the vast and remote district in which the South African Railway Mission works. There people of our own blood are so isolated and dependent upon chance for things which we accept as a matter of course that they will sometimes travel 30 or 40 miles to attend a service which, more often than not, is held in a railway coach.

A Mission of Friendship

It is a mission of friendship which follows scattered and isolated members of the white population, especially railway workers and their families. Railway coaches are used for schools as well as for homes for the missionaries and for places of worship. The people for whom the work is done are eager and grateful even for the smallest things provided for them. To these isolated settlers the parson is not a centre of criticism, but a friend.

In this over-populated country of ours, where so much is done for us, we often grumble about our morning and evening services, and seldom attend evensong. The archbishop said he sometimes wondered what would happen at home if one day people woke up to find the clergy gone and the whole of the endowments of the churches taken away. How much would there be left?

GOING UNDER

Brightening Up the Tubes

Preparations are being busily made to draw the Londoner more and more underground when he goes about his city.

The next step is to make the Tube stations and booking-halls as bright as day, brighter than the day often is when London overhead is wrapped in fog and gloom. They are to be encircled with rings of light which will shine with a phosphorescent glow. The effect is expected to be so beautiful that until passengers by Tube become accustomed to it they will miss their trains while contemplating the beauty of their surroundings.

This change has been coming on a long time, and even now the Londoner hardly realises the extent to which he is becoming a traveller in the underworld. On the first underground railway he never wanted to linger. Those old enough to remember Gower Street and Portland Road Stations as they were still cough at the recollection of the old choking smoke of the tunnels.

Contrast that dark age with the new one of the Piccadilly Circus booking-hall with its pictures and its shops and we can see the future to which we are being led.

Everybody in a hurry will naturally seek the Tubes because of the growing blocks of traffic overhead; but the leisured people may also go that way as well, because there will be so much to look at underground and no dangers of crossing the road to see it.

OLD AGE AND PLAIN LIVING

An Italian correspondent refers to the good health and long life which are enjoyed by the simple villagers of the Piedmontese Alps, although the climate is severe and the inhabitants are poor.

One village has five centenarians and 33 inhabitants of 90. Rarely do these people eat meat.

An Italian physician who studies longevity declares that most centenarians are country people who are mainly vegetarians, teetotallers, and non-smokers.

THE GREAT ARMADA

A WHITEHALL PANORAMA

Dramatic Moment When the Spaniards Realised Their Doom

NEW SIGHT FOR LONDON

The Royal United Services Museum at Whitehall will now be more than ever a centre of attraction for boys and girls.

One of the most interesting model exhibits ever seen in London is on view there. It is a panorama, 40 feet long, of the Spanish Armada being attacked by fireships in Calais Roads. Light is constantly flickering across the stormy sky painted in the background, and there is a drift of reddened smoke from the fireships before which the Spanish vessels are retreating in confusion.

It is midnight on July 28, 1588. Already, seven days before, the great clumsy ships of the Invincible Armada had been beaten off the shores of our little island by the strong and swift-sailing craft of the English fleet under Admiral Howard and Francis Drake, the great mariner who had been round the world.

In Howard's Flagship

Then, on the following Sunday morning, July 28, the British commanders met in the cabin of the Ark Royal. Boy and girl visitors to Whitehall will learn, if they did not know it before, that this was Howard's flagship. It was Winter, one of the commanders, who suggested using the device of the attack with fireships, a stratagem which had been used with so much success at the Siege of Antwerp.

In the meantime the Armada ships had been anchored since the night before in Calais Roads. The Duke of Medina Sidonia was waiting here for Parma, who was expected with boats containing 17,000 experienced soldiers, and was to take command of the whole of the Armada.

The English admirals lost no time after their decision. Several armed merchant vessels were filled with inflammable materials. At twilight the famous gale rose in the south-west, and a few hours later the ships, full of leaping flames, made straight for the Armada.

"The fireships of Antwerp!" cried many of the Armada men who remembered the siege. Panic spread from ship to ship.

Unexpected Danger

We look on the model at Whitehall at the dramatic moment when the Spanish ships had cut their cables, and were making away as fast as they could to avoid this unexpected danger.

In front of them is the San Lorenzo, which is being pulled toward the shore. Those who have read the full story will remember that she ran aground and was utterly destroyed.

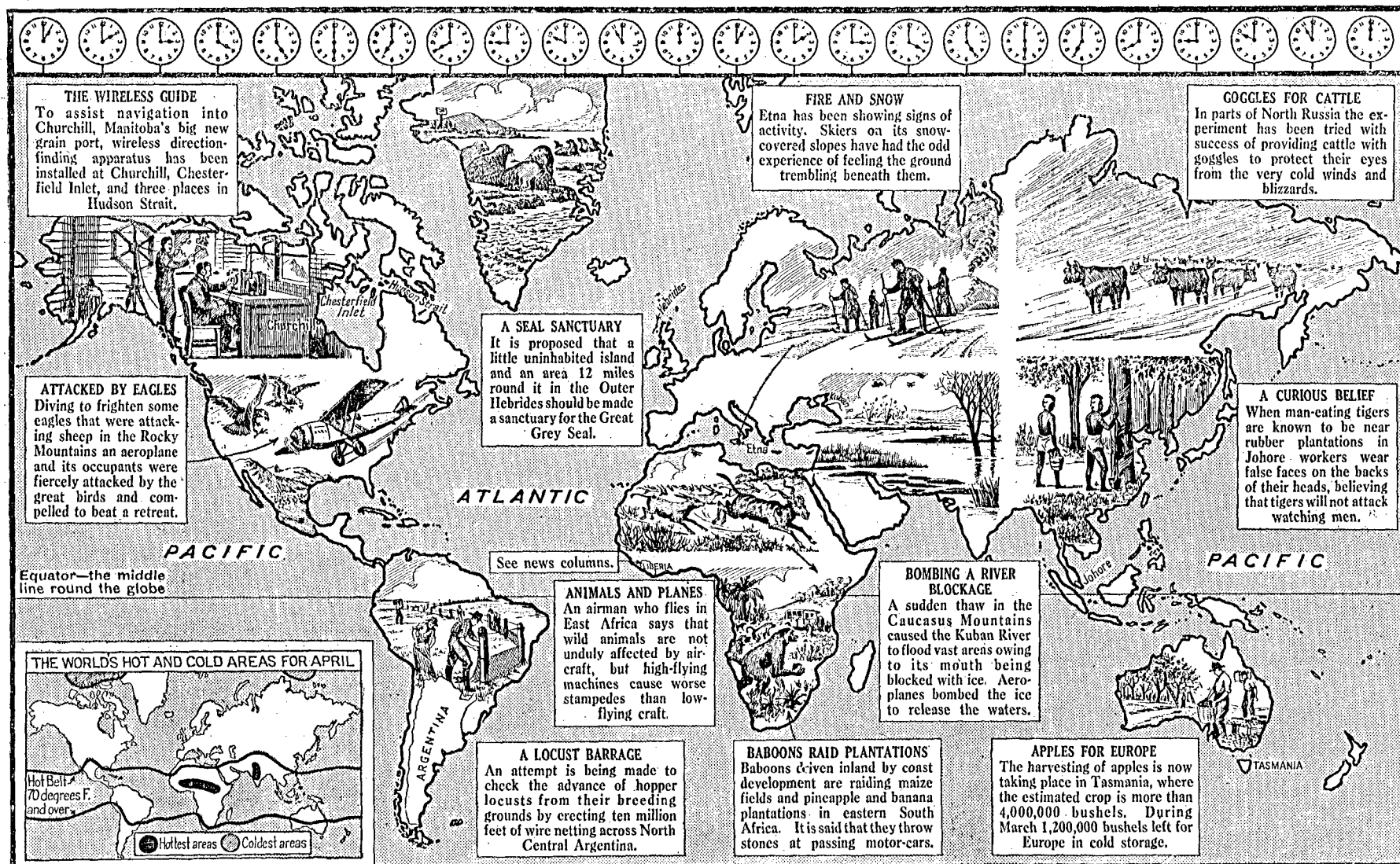
Other Spanish ships, including the San Martin, the Gran Griffon, and the Rata Coronada, are shown; and every visitor is given a thrill at the sight of the English fleet to seaward. The utmost trouble has been taken in examining old documents, pictures of 16th-century ships, and engravings of the famous tapestries which hung in the old House of Lords, so we know we are looking at actual reproductions of the Ark Royal, Drake's little Revenge, and other English ships, including the Margaret and John, one of the thirty ships given by the citizens of London.

THE LIGHTNING CABLE-LAYER

A very novel machine has been invented for laying underground cables. It consists of two ploughs, one going before the other.

The first plough cuts a furrow in the ground about two feet deep; the following plough lays the cable in the furrow, then fills it up with earth. Electric cables can be laid underground along cross-country routes at the rate of two-and-a-half miles a day.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE CHANCE FOR THOSE WHO ARE YOUNG

Use of Waste Material

An American scientist has succeeded in producing glass from blast furnace slag, a matter of some importance.

The product is a transparent and excellent glass, pale green in colour, and said to be quite suitable for bottles and jars, and also for structural and decorative purposes.

This is interesting, not only as another step in the utilisation of waste, but as an encouragement to those who are beginning life and have any doubts as to whether the world still presents opportunities to the young. The fact is that every common object, every waste object, every material in the world, still calls for brainwork and enterprise.

PLEASANT NEWS FROM VERSAILLES

Marie Antoinette's little theatre at Versailles has been restored and will soon be open to the public.

For long years it has been a dull ruin and seemed doomed to fall into complete decay. So it might have done had not the Rockefeller Trust sent money to Paris for its restoration.

Marie Antoinette spent some of her early, light-hearted years at the Petit Trianon, a little villa which Louis the Fifteenth built at Versailles in 1766. She had a gift for acting, and one day decided to build herself a little theatre in the park. The piece she acted in most successfully was *The Barber of Seville*, by Beaumarchais, who, after Molière, is the finest French writer of amusing comedy.

It is just over 200 years since the birth of Beaumarchais, the watch-maker's son who became a brilliant, satirical writer. His real name was Pierre Augustin Caron. No doubt in the newly-opened theatre the famous play will be given again.

WORDS WILL NOT SAVE THE WORLD

But the League Will Live

By Mr Baldwin

Let us not imagine that words are going to convert the world, and let us not look on the League of Nations as a kind of machine which is going to bring to an end all that we hate in a minute of time.

People who find that an idol fails to do what they wish are apt to turn round and smash it.

There has been some loose and wild talk alleging that the League of Nations has failed. Nothing of the kind. The League, however difficult the times, has to be kept alive. It will be kept alive, and it will live, though in its early years it cannot have the power that many of its supporters would like to see it have.

FILMS WITHOUT FEAR

The massed ranks of children raised a cheerful babble above the sound of music. Suddenly a man appeared on the stage, and complete silence fell.

One shrill blast of a whistle, and the audience stood up as one man. A second blast, and they turned promptly to the gangways. A third blast, and the rows began to file out, in perfect order. In two or three minutes not a child was left in the building.

All this was at a Manchester cinema which has a big audience of school-children every Saturday afternoon. They are mostly regular attendants, and are well catered for. Best of all, the manager has so trained them in fire-drill that the parents of the district have perfect confidence in him. So have the children, and they obey his whistle with the precision of well-drilled troops. He is certain that he could clear the hall in less time than a celluloid film would take to set a cinema on fire.

AUTOMATIC SIGNALS

A City Sets Them Up Again

Manchester is trying once more to install a successful Safety First crossing system and has placed in a new position the automatic press-the-button signals which failed to achieve their purpose.

When recording the new signal at Croydon the C.N. referred to Manchester's failure, and we are glad to find that the authorities there had not given up their idea but were thinking again to some purpose.

They have found a better position and have also devised an extra aid to safety which should be copied everywhere these signals are set up.

By erecting chain barriers on both sides of the crossing the pedestrian is prevented from crossing the road in a slanting direction. He must go straight across between the white lines.

This idea is an excellent one, and is a permanent object lesson of the danger of Jay-Walking—crossing a road in a slanting direction instead of taking the shortest way across it. A motorist can always estimate the time he must allow the slowest pedestrian who walks straight across a road, but finds great difficulty in estimating the progress of those who cross at an angle.

A POLITICAL SECRET

Politicians leaving the French Foreign Office on days of a Cabinet crisis find themselves surrounded by crowds of newspaper men all anxious to induce them to part with information which they must keep secret.

But a plain "No, I can say nothing" is not in the French temperament, and some amusing repartee is usually made.

M. Herriot left the Élysée the other day looking very much preoccupied. "What are you thinking of, Monsieur?" a journalist asked him. "I was just thinking," said M. Herriot slowly (and a dozen men pressed forward in eager anticipation), "how very badly the Élysée flag needs a wash!"

120 HOURS ON A MOUNTAIN LEDGE

The Longest Days in George Afrika's Life

REMARKABLE RESCUE JUST IN TIME

A fuller story has come to hand of the remarkable adventure of a young mountaineer in South Africa, already referred to in the C.N.

Crouching on a ledge of the Drakenstein Mountains George Afrika shouted for help. For a whole day he called and no one heard.

At night he did not dare to sleep lest he should fall on the rocks 300 feet below, where the body of his friend was lying.

These two coloured African lads had tried to cross the Drakensteins from Paarl to Worcester a few days before Easter, but, losing their way in the mist, they slipped over a precipice.

His friend was killed, but George Afrika, miraculously held on a ledge four feet long and two feet wide, shouted and prayed for help. Day after day went by. He was numb with cold; he could no longer shout; he dared not sleep. Five days and five nights he spent on this tiny ledge before they found him.

But they were in time. One of Cape Town's finest mountaineers let himself down from another ledge fifty feet above; then, balancing himself beside the lad, rubbed his limbs till he could move them. Something to drink was let down on another rope, and George Afrika had his first food for 120 hours.

When he had revived a little the mountaineer tied the rope round his waist, and slowly he was hauled up. Crowds of people were there watching, and when George Afrika found himself among his fellow-men again the horror of the last few days was forgotten for a moment. All he could think of was his torn and dirty clothes, and his first words were an apology for appearing among them in so ragged a condition!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 9

1932

A Good Hope For the World

It is with great pleasure that we have seen the croakers disappointed so far at Geneva, for the Disarmament Conference, if we consider it on its merits apart from other events beclouding it, has opened well.

There is much to do, but the Conference has completed its first stage with a better prospect than seemed possible when it began. In spite of the clouds gathering about it the Conference is continuing on a hopeful note. It is settling down to practical business.

With the exception of what we may call the French group of nations the delegates from all the world have denounced big armaments almost with one voice. They differ as to details, but all alike are against what may be called Weapons of Aggression. The battleship, the big gun, the bombing aeroplane, the submarine, the tank—all these have been denounced.

Several of the greatest nations have pleaded for effective all-round disarmament, a disarmament which would mean for each and every nation no more than the possession of an armed force to preserve internal order plus a small contingent for defence. This is roundly the position which has been taken up by Britain, Italy, the United States, Russia, and Germany—nations which, when their populations and empires are taken into survey, account for an exceedingly great part of civilisation.

Germany pleads (and she is notably supported by Italy and Russia) that she is already disarmed, together with Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, and that the victors of the World War, who set up the League of Nations, definitely pledged themselves to disarmament all round. There seems to us no escape from that pledge consistent with fair play and honest dealing.

It is France, with her group of satellite nations, that so far has stood in the way. Now she proposes to put aside disarmament and to arm the League of Nations instead, although the United States, Russia, and one or two other nations are not members of the League. It seems difficult to believe that France can persist in her attitude, but if she does so it is surely the solemn duty of the rest of the world to proceed to disarm without France.

That done, it will be practically impossible for France to persist in the use of weapons abandoned by all the rest of the world. We earnestly appeal to our French friends to come into line with an overwhelming expression of world opinion.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Laughing Day

Who still says that *East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet?*

We should like to silence him for ever with a charming couplet, written by an outcast Indian thirteen centuries ago:

Sweet is the flute, the lyre is sweet, say they

Who have not heard their children's laughing play.

All lands and all ages can join hands in understanding that.

Many volumes of translations from Indian poetry have lately been published by the Oxford University Press, and Professor Herbert Gowen has just published a 600-page history of Indian Literature; but there is nothing better than those two lines by the despised outcast.

Editors of Fleet Street Please Note

In a country where every effort, even the effort of newspapers, is bent on building something which they think is good, the amount of space given by the newspapers of the rest of the world to merely shocking and startling news looks queer indeed.

A Moscow newspaper has published a caustic comment concerning the most popular topic in the non-Russian Press last year. The subject which filled the most space was Al Capone, the Chicago gangster. *The world's Press gave his exploits more than one and a half million columns of print and put in his photograph over 5000 times.*

Can we wonder that the Russians are convinced that there is something rotten not merely in the state of Denmark, but in the state of the whole Western world?

NOTICE. When the count for this year is made, this is not to be considered four inches about Al Capone; it is four inches about newspapers!

The Three Bones

We like a note we have been reading by the Yorkshire vicar of Dartford, Mr Elliott Mitchell.

He finds three bones in the body of the church, and it seems to us that they are found in any body of people.

There are the Wishbones, those for ever wishing things were different, sighing for the bad old days they think were good ones.

There are the Jawbones, talking, talking, talking, but doing nothing and never getting anywhere.

And there are the Backbones, wasting no time in vain wishing or idle talking, but facing life as it is with cheerfulness and great courage.

Which are you—Wishbone, Jawbone, Backbone?

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. Jesus

This Was She

This is the description of their mother left to his children in the will of Sir Harry Renwick, of Kingston Hill, Surrey:

I AM confident that my children will ever bear in mind the imperishable example of their dear mother, whose chief characteristics were sturdiness of character, matchless integrity, absolute dependability and trustworthiness, willing sacrifice, love of service, and a complete absence of gush, pose, pretence, hypocrisy, and cant, while with all she was a sincere, able, single-minded, shrewd, sound, and really practical woman.

Tip-Cat

MANY titled persons are learning to fly. To prove they belong to the upper classes.

A PIANO symphony has been written to be played with one hand. The latest economy.

NEW spring suits for men are widely cut. In case they spring back.

A CORONET has been sold for £15,000. The owner preferred to put the price on.

WE are told that the modern girl becomes more modest as she grows older. But she never reaches a retiring age.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If men who get on are better off

Year has a day on. They would rather have a day off.

FAT people are rarely guilty of a mean action. They can take a broad view.

A CENTENARIAN lit the hundred candles on her birthday cake. She was the person who counted.

WOMEN use buses for travelling about London more than men. They find the buses are quicker.

AN actor says he has a dog that laughs. Any dog would laugh at some actors.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Carnegie Trust has come to the aid of Sadler's Wells.

A ROVER SCOUT at Pinner Hill climbed 70 feet up a tree to rescue a cat.

LORD WAKEFIELD has given the sum of £25,000 for improving the Imperial Institute.

JUST AN IDEA

The League is the only instrument on Earth which can say to the next war, *Thou shalt not be.*

The Swallow Is Coming Again

By Sir Arthur Yapp

MIGRANT from the Sunny South-land,

Tell me how you found your way Back to England, stormbound England,

Making all the country gay.

We had neither chart nor compass, Our Creator was our Guide O'er the trackless way we travelled Right across the ocean wide.

WAS the passage very stormy;

Was it very dark at night;

Did it not seem very lonely

When all land was out of sight?

Yes, we oftentimes felt lonely,

As through storms we struggled on;

Braced ourselves for further effort

When our strength was almost gone.

ARE you glad to be in England;

Glad the nesting-time is near;

Is it worth such mighty effort,

Tell me, Migrant, to get here?

We have been in many countries,

But the land we love the best

Is your green and fertile England,

Where our toil but leads to rest.

WE have missed you, little stranger.

We have missed your cheery song,

And your happy, graceful movements

In the country all day long.

We are glad that you have missed us;

We are happy to be home

In our native land, our England,

Till once more we cross the foam.

TELL me, plucky little Migrant,

Whence your strength has been supplied;

How could you, so small and fragile,

O'er such tempests safely ride?

The Great Spirit who has promised

Strength according to our needs,

He gives power to the feeblest,

He protects as well as leads.

So across life's stormy ocean,

Till we reach the other side,

He will guide, sustain, and strengthen

All who trust His mercy wide.

C.N. Philosophies

Courage

SOMEBODY once said to a famous General at the front: "Why, General, your knees are trembling."

"They will tremble more where I am going to take them," answered he. His heart was prepared to lead him beyond the physical consciousness of danger.

Courage expresses a compound idea of endurance, labour, and realisation. The handicapped man who carries on without complaint, the mason who mounts higher than the treetops to set the last stone on a cathedral tower, the deep-sea diver who pursues his duty in the depths of the ocean, truly they are all courageous men.

Our opportunities are in proportion to our courage. It is for lack of courage that people linger in misery. Always we see that success comes more readily to the courageous than to the clever.

April 9, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

7

NEWEST WONDER OF THE WORLD

SYDNEY'S BRIDGE

The Marvellous Procession Across It on the First Day

DR BRADFIELD'S TRIUMPH

A little boy of nine rode 600 miles the other day to be present at the opening of the newest Wonder of the World, Sydney Bridge. With 700 other boys and girls of New South Wales he marched across the bridge in a magnificent procession.

This great bridge is, indeed, a symbol of the new spirit awakening in Australia and in the whole British Commonwealth. It is the herald of the dawn of new hope and prosperity for our proud Dominion in the Southern Seas.

The story of its building is one of triumphant success over enormous difficulties.

Higher Than St Paul's

The first difficulty was the persuasion of the doubters as to the possibility of so vast a structure being possible of erection. Many thought, too, that it would mar the beauty of the fairest harbour in the world.

Dr Bradfield, the conceiver of the scheme, won over the doubters, and English engineers and Australian workmen did the rest.

The width of water crossed by the bridge is twice that at London Bridge. The arch of steel which spans it is 1650 feet long and towers 440 feet into the air. The cross of St Paul's Cathedral would be 75 feet lower than the top of its magnificent curve.

It is so wide that four lines of electric railway have been laid, beside a road of 57 feet and broad footpaths. It has been estimated that 6000 road vehicles, 160 electric trains, and 40,000 pedestrians can cross every hour without a jam of any kind. From its parapet one can look down on the decks of the largest ships in the world as they pass through the harbour below, for their head room is 171 feet.

The Procession

The whole work with its approaches is two and a half miles long and after the opening ceremony a marvellous procession wended its way across. There were groups representing Captain Cook, the first white man to hold parley with the natives here; Captain Phillip, the first Governor, who established a settlement here in 1788; Gregory Blaxland, who first found a way through the Blue Mountains; Major-General Macquarie, the Governor who was one of the greatest of Australia's pioneers; and many another explorer and architect of the Dominion.

It is said that a million people crossed the bridge on its first day.

Modern developments were symbolised, and a group of Australian V.C.s reminded the onlookers of their country's brave deeds in the war.

A Thunderous Welcome

Aircraft and speedboats, ocean liners and artillery, joined in the thunderous welcome to this new masterpiece of human brains and skill. Its 50,000 tons of steel must have vibrated in reply before beginning its beneficent task of making Sydney even a greater centre of Australia's commerce than she has been in the past.

To the little lad on the pony and to the 700 boys and girls who marched with him the C.N. sends its congratulations, in the earnest hope that they will help to maintain their great city in the proud position in which the energy of their parents and their grandparents established it.

NOT SUCH A MULE AS HE LOOKED

In a very wild mountain valley in Haute Savoie there is a chalet-restaurant nearly 7000 feet above the sea.

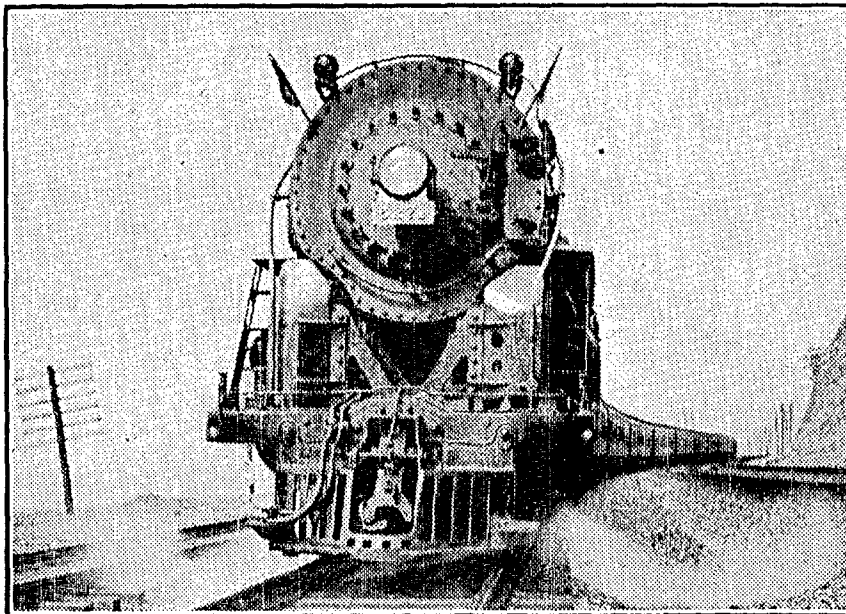
Climbers pass the night there on their way to the summit of the neighbouring mountain. The man of the chalet goes down to the village of Vallorcines (the Valley of the Bears) to get supplies for his restaurant.

Some time ago his mule was so clever and reliable that the man used simply to start him off with his instructions on his back, and he descended to the village by himself. At the village he went to the stores; his panniers were

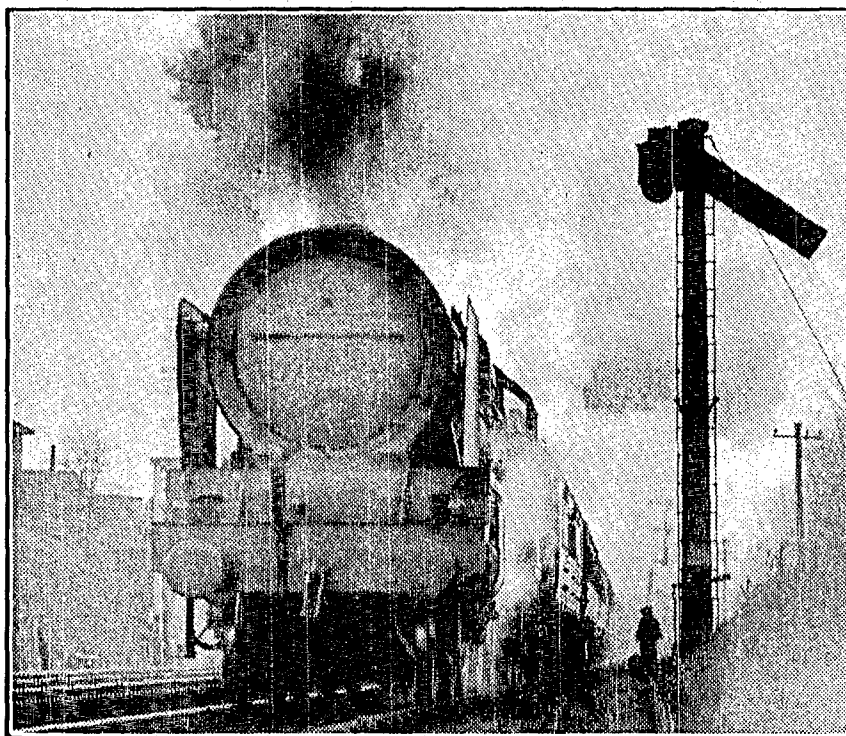
duly loaded; he was given some sugar, and started off again for the mountain, where he arrived in due course.

This clever mule was well known to the frequenters of the valley, and he would stop with them and beg for half a sandwich or perhaps a banana. If people treated him too well he would be tempted to follow them instead of attending to his duty. Then they would give him a little of the stick and persuade him to go on his way. Unfortunately this particular mule is no more, and his successor has not yet been trained to follow in his steps.

ENGINES OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA



The Twentieth Century Limited, which travels between New York and Chicago



The Royal Scot, a famous train of the L.M.S. Railway

These pictures make an interesting comparison between British and American styles of locomotive design. The size of American engines makes them look more impressive, but in performance they cannot beat British long-distance engines.

LETTERS THAT FAILED

A new twelve-guinea edition has just been issued of some letters written 200 years ago. All the letters failed, though they came from one of the most successful men of his day. Lord Chesterfield wrote them to teach his son how to be a great politician and a brilliant man of fashion, but the son became neither.

However, there is one sentence which rings true after all the years, one bit of advice which shines like gold among the tinsel, and youth may comfort itself with it today:

There is nothing in the world, except poetry, that is not to be acquired by application and care.

ELECTRIC WALLPAPER

Spring-cleaning is now in full swing and many people will be choosing new wallpapers for the home.

It is often said that "we must have something looking warm for the dining-room," but it is now possible to have a kind of wallpaper that is really warm. This wall or ceiling covering is a very thin sheet of insulating material into which is introduced a series of electric elements. The current is switched off automatically when the temperature of the room reaches a certain point, and on again when the temperature drops.

A successful test of the new apparatus has just been made in a C.P.R. liner.

RIVAL TO THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

DISCOVERIES IN MEXICO

Astonishing Art Treasures of Wonderful Workmanship

MEMORY OF AN OLD INVASION

Mr Alfonso Caso, of the National University of Mexico, first drew the attention of the Mexican Government some months ago to an ancient half-buried pyramid at Monte Alban in the State of Oaxaca.

He urged the authorities to grant him funds for exploring and making excavations in that region. Luckily he succeeded in securing a modest sum of money and started his investigations. They resulted in some astonishing discoveries of marvellous art treasures which, according to some archaeologists, place Monte Alban, in importance of the finds made there, on a par with the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt.

Bodies of Six Great Men

This pyramid is built of stone, and is 190 feet wide at its base and 50 feet high. There is a great stairway leading to its top. The whole vicinity is dotted with burial mounds, tombs, and other pyramids. These tombs are some 400 in number, mostly built by the Zapotecas, a branch of the great Toltec tribe, who also built the Pyramid of the Tiger. The age of these monuments has not yet been determined, but they are held to have been built many centuries before the coming of Cortes.

Only nine of the more important tombs among the several hundreds have been opened so far, the lesser ones having been found to contain only earthenware objects of no great value and the bones of lesser social individuals.

So far six bodies of Mixtec caciques, or chieftains, have been discovered, all in a sitting posture. That they were great men is proved by the nature and quality of the ornaments, diadems, bracelets, and necklaces found with them, which are of gold, silver, copper, jewels, and jade.

As the Zapotecas and Mixtecas were enemies in those days, and the Pyramid of the Tiger, together with the other pyramids, formed a fortress stronghold, it is supposed that the Mixteca chieftains found in this Zapotec fastness were killed there by the defenders during an invasion of this locality and that the vassals of the slain chiefs recovered their bodies and buried them close to where they had fallen.

A Solid Gold Mask

About three hundred objects of art have been found, some of them of great value and of unique workmanship. One of the most precious is a solid gold mask, with filigree traceries and incrustations of turquoises and mother-of-pearl. The face on the mask is a representation of Xipxiptotl, the god of jewellers.

There are two magnificent and elaborately-designed breastplates of pure gold and a fine golden diadem with a plume of gold.

There is also a goblet of pure rock-crystal whose beauty defies description, and another goblet of alabaster carved with pictures of war scenes and historical events of that epoch.

Among the various necklaces some are of pearls, some as large as a pigeon's egg.

A THEATRE FOR THE PEOPLE

Bulgaria considers the theatre a means of education.

The Minister of Public Instruction therefore has the National Theatre under his charge; and, as he is a member of the Peasants Party, he has arranged that this theatre supported by taxes shall also be available for peasants, students, and the poor. Special performances are given for the small charge of 2d or 3d

THE TELEGRAM BY NIGHT

Another Post Office Idea

If the Postmaster-General does not bring us all to the telephone by night and by day it will not be for want of trying new inducements.

The latest attempt is the night telegraph letter. At the present time the only opportunity for anyone to send a telegram at night occurs when the telegraph offices of the places where sender and receiver live are both open.

If it is desired to send a telegram at 9 o'clock at night from Eynsford in Kent to Petersham in Surrey it cannot be done.

But the telephone provides a way of linking-up any place where its lines run with any other; and if the person to whom a telephone user wishes to send a message is not on the telephone it can still be done.

The telephone user can telephone his telegram at night to any town which has a telephone exchange. He can even telephone it from a multi-coin call box. In either case the town will deliver his telegram by first post in the morning.

The cost, and this is the main thing, will be only a third of that of the ordinary telegram, which is unnecessarily expensive, though to this charge will be added the local telephone fee.

THE MACHINE, THE PAPER, AND THE MILK

A big factory stands remotely on a hill in Dorset. It is eight miles from the nearest town of Blandford and eight miles from the railway.

All day long motor-lorries roll out into the country round, and roll back again, laden.

Within are many sorts of machines, all connected, all completing one great plan. A girl puts in a sheet of paper. The machine turns it, makes it into a carton; the carton is stiffened with wax. It is filled with fresh milk, efficiently sealed, and passed out complete. All this takes about six minutes!

This factory, at Milborne St Andrew, belongs to Sir Ernest Debenham, and is the centre of his great cooperative agricultural scheme. Many regions of this country are too isolated for the efficient sale of farm products. This factory serves a radius of over 15 miles, and can deal with 30,000 gallons of milk a day; it could thus deliver 240,000 sealed cartons a day! This includes 10,000 gallons which could be made into butter and cheese. The present amount is 32,000 cartons daily, and about 90 young men and women are employed.

STRANGE MOTOR-RIDES

An interesting expedition has begun a journey across the Sahara Desert consisting of a number of light motor-lorries equipped with all kinds of special carburettors.

The idea of the expedition is to test the value of all kinds of new fuels made from vegetables. Vegetable alcohol made from various sources will be used, while other engines will be run upon palm oil and castor oil. The waste vegetation of Africa provides an almost illimitable supply of fuel, and the results of the expedition will be watched with great interest by motor-engineers.

A VICAR'S WAY

The village of Chapel-le-Dale in Yorkshire had a bus to take its wives and mothers to the nearest market of Ingleton. Now, alas! it has ceased to run.

So the vicar has come to the rescue. He carries his people to market and brings them back with full baskets. His congregation is scattered, so he takes many of them part of the way home from church on Sunday, and offers his vicarage as a resting-place for those who have to await the return of the car.

SWALLOWS ON THE DOLE

Coming Back Too Soon

Some of those swallows who were assisted South last year by the kind people of Vienna seem to have lost their heads a little.

They have come back too soon. Everybody is quite pleased to see them. In Austria no one asks whether the swallows should come before the daffodil dares, but hails them as a sign that the cruel winter is over and spring at hand.

But that is where this year the swallows have proved false harbingers. The winter still lingers on frozen fields and woods, and the swallows, deceived

The Great Flag

We take this from a speech by the Haiti delegate at the Disarmament Conference.

THIRTY years ago, when I was quite a young man overflowing with generous ideals and wonderful illusions, I published, on the centenary of the hoisting of our flag, a very bad poem which concluded with the hope that our fair national emblem might never cease to float, proud and free, in our bright skies until, above a palace of nations no longer parted by lines of demarcation or prejudice, we should see floating a single flag, glorious and full of majesty, the flag of Mankind.

Though I have slithered often at being guilty of such a youthful ebullition, I am no longer ashamed of it. I am even proud and happy at having given vent to such feelings at a time when I could have no idea that a Conference of World Disarmament would one day meet and that I should represent my country.

by sunshine in the South, have returned too early and are starving.

Again the kind Viennese, who sent them over the Alps to Trieste and Venice by aeroplane or through the mountain passes by comfortably-warmed trains, have rallied to their aid. They are giving them free meals in plenty.

But the swallows really must understand that they cannot go on upsetting the calendar like this indefinitely. They should remember that we look to them to give us an idea of the seasons. Seeing them come back we say that they are bringing the summer and the sun. Seeing them go we sigh for the departing autumn and winter drawing near.

FAMINE

Gaunt mountains rearing up into a hard, brassy sky; a deep gorge and river valleys cut by rushing rivers but with not a drop of water to be found; such is the state of affairs in Zululand, round about the Ceza Mountain.

Returned travellers bring news of a great drought which has altered the whole life of the region and almost starved its people out of existence. These poor folk creep feebly from their withered kraals to dig for roots, the only food left them, save for such famine rations as rats and mice. The very old and the very young have died in great numbers.

The Nambukushus, who live on the borders of Bechuanaland and South-West Africa, are even worse sufferers. Some of the strongest have crawled miles with bundles of brushwood, which they offer in exchange for food.

The Government are greatly concerned at the reports, which say that all crops and wild fruits have failed in both areas, and that game has been practically starved out.

Supplies of food have been sent out by Government transport.

WEATHERING THE STORM

Both Sides of the Atlantic

An analysis of the profits of 900 United States industrial concerns shows an amazing decline in the last two years.

In 1929, at the end of which the financial collapse occurred, the profits of these companies amounted to 2162 million dollars; in 1930 their profits fell to 1258 million dollars; and in 1931 there was a further fall to 592 million dollars.

That is to say, for every 100 dollars earned by those 900 American businesses in 1929 only 28 dollars were earned in 1931.

No such heavy fall has occurred in our country. We do not say this because we are glad of the American losses, but again to remind our readers that we on this side of the Atlantic, with Free Trade, weathered the storm far better than America behind her Tariff Walls.

LONDON JUST AS FOGGY

We have for years been told that if factories would only use electricity and not burn coal wastefully there would be no fog.

It is disappointing to find that London is just as foggy, and that our manufacturing towns are likely to remain as gloomy as ever. All that seems to happen from the use of less coal and more coal substitutes is that the fog takes longer to form.

One comfort we have, however, and that is that in big smoky towns and cities slum children can be given a few hours now and then of sunlight treatment in the special departments of the hospitals and infirmaries which have recently been experimenting with them.

The report on atmospheric pollution just published states that it is the uncontrollable factors of wind and temperature that are responsible for fogs.

UNDER AND OVER

The new little garden at the top of Shaftesbury Avenue is struggling against weather, and against the attentions of cats and human beings who delight in destruction, to make a little bit of desert blossom like the rose.

It has been most cunningly arranged, walled round the height of the soil, with recesses in the walls set with seats where people can rest without having their toes kicked by passers-by. Sturdy green shoots are peeping above the soil, and presently something else will be peeping.

This garden, which is holding the secrets of spring in its heart, is also hiding another secret. Underneath it passes the G.P.O. railway, the most worked and least-thought-of railway in the world. A friend of the C.N. can write the Editor a little note about the garden, put it in the post and sit down by the new flower-bed, and presently the letter goes whizzing along on its way to its destination at John Carpenter House.

A ROCKET

The American Interplanetary Society announce in New York that they intend to make their first rocket experiment very soon.

They will use a seven-foot aluminium rocket with a cone-shaped nose, and expect that it will climb at least a mile into the heavens. This rocket is on view in New York.

In its nose is a tiny bulbous chamber to be filled with liquid fuel which, when the rocket is fired, will burn and form the propulsive gases. Supplies of this fuel will be stored in two parallel tubes which run the length of the cone, and to which are fixed the fins or control tail.

The cone also contains a small parachute which, when the fuel is exhausted, is designed to break out and carry the spent rocket safely to Earth ready for another flight.

A GREAT VICTORIAN IN THE ABBEY

Millicent Garrett Fawcett

A new memorial worthily adorns Westminster Abbey. It is to Dame Millicent Garrett Fawcett.

It is only a small memorial, but the tiny carving of the head which is part of it is that of a great woman.

A wise, constant, and courageous Englishwoman the inscription calls her, and every word of it is true, for she was one of those who by her effort and example brought full citizenship to her countrywomen.

For more than fifty years she devoted her life to the advancement of women's interests. She was a fine political economist, but she was a greater politician, though she sought no place in politics; and her efforts to win the vote for women were never self-assertive nor were they self-advertising.

There are many Englishmen and fewer Englishwomen buried or commemorated in the Abbey, and some whose names would be forgotten but for their memorials there.

But Dame Fawcett left a name and a fame more lasting than any monument, for it is engraved in the history of the Woman's Movement.

SAVE OUR WILD FLOWERS

The roving Rambler and the motorist are being blamed on all hands for the threatened extinction of our prized wild flowers. But the Northern Naturalists Union has just presented another aspect to our notice.

Flower shows increase yearly in number, and so do the exhibits of wild flowers shown at them. Would-be prize-winners range far and wide, for there is no limit to the number of varieties shown. Consequently the lovely wild things gracing the countryside get thinner and fewer every year.

Also, most schools encourage the collection of wild flowers, with no limit at all on the numbers or activity of the searchers; and this has an even more devastating effect. The Naturalists Union has decided to communicate with school authorities and teachers on this very serious matter.

CHANGING ENGLAND

England is changing under our eyes, and we hardly realise what great changes are taking place.

At one time it was true to say that there was a mainly industrial North and a mainly agricultural South. Now, while the North necessarily remains our chief manufacturing area because of its magnificent coal, the South is gaining ground in industry and becoming the site of most important new undertakings.

This change is due to three causes. First, there is the spread of electric power. Second, there is the fact that we are building up new industries of a light character which need not be associated with coalmines. Third, there is the remarkable development of the Kent coalmines, which undoubtedly will make this Garden of England a great industrial district.

A GRACIOUS ACT

We have not seen any public mention of the fact that every delegate and member of the Press at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva received a delightful present by post one morning: nothing less than a book of stamps.

It was the happy idea of the Swiss Postal Authorities thus to give a welcome to their visitors. The small book was charmingly bound in brown and corded with the Geneva colours of red and yellow, and its pages contained a generous number of stamps, eight of each kind of the new issue specially printed to celebrate the conference.

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The Children's Newspaper

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THE LIFEBOAT HORSES · GREAT DANES IN INDIA · THE ROUND POND



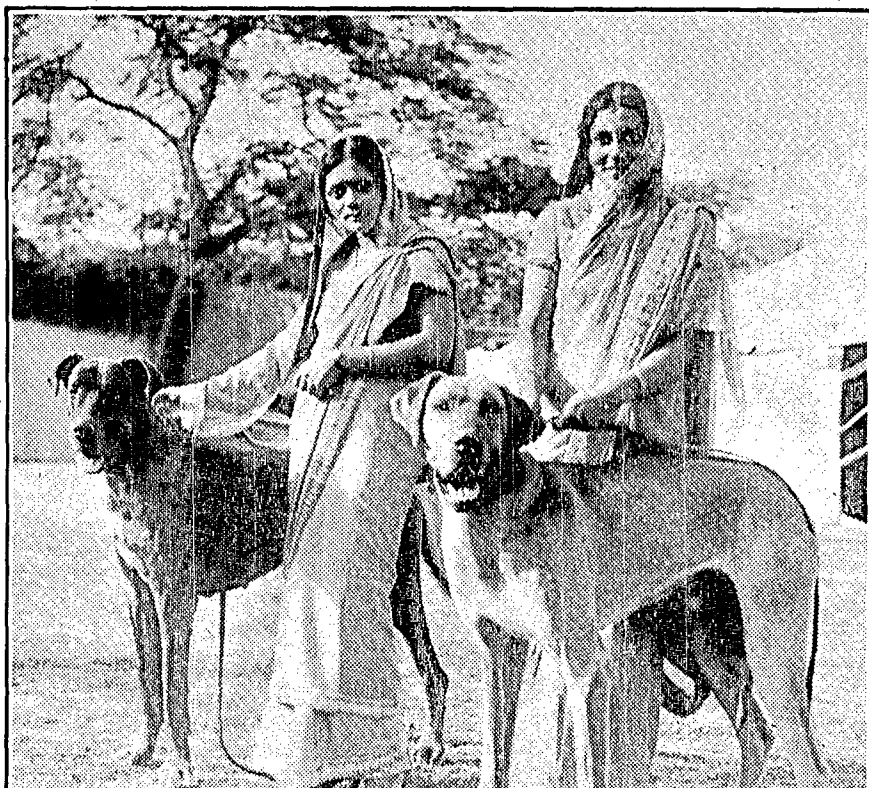
Lifeboat Horses—When the Newquay lifeboat crew practices launching their boat a team of horses is required to haul it out of the water and up the steep road to its shed.



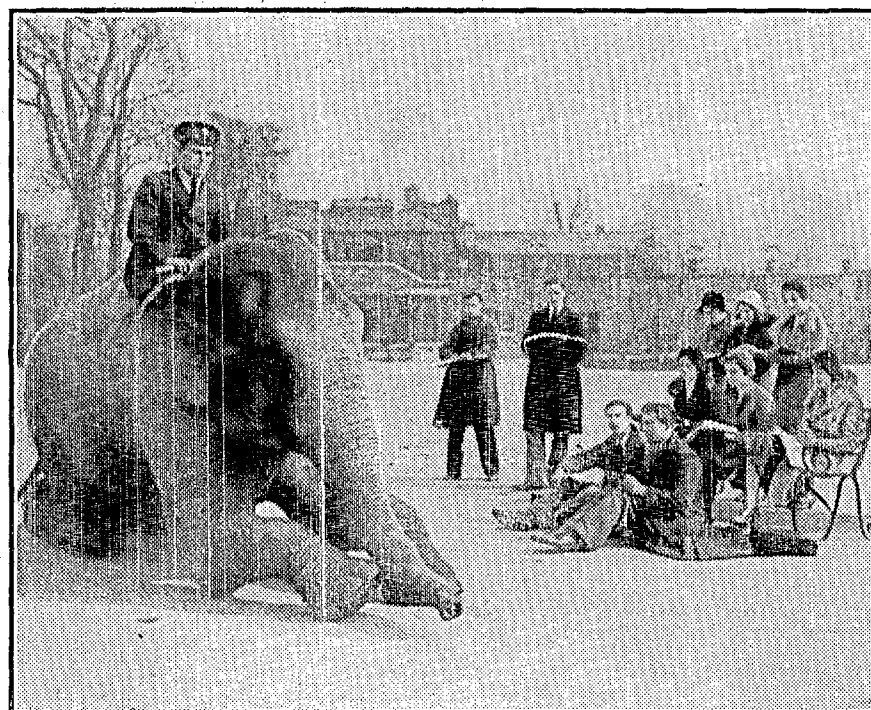
A Cartload of Lambs—Lambs born on the Mendip Hills are collected in a cart and taken indoors until the weather is warmer. Here we see anxious mothers following their little ones.



A Drink of Cold Water—These girls rambling across the Yorkshire moors were beginning to feel tired when they discovered a spring which refreshed them for the rest of their walk.



An Indian Dog Show—Two Indian ladies with their Great Danes made a picturesque group at the Kennel Club of India Show which was held not long ago at Delhi.



An Interesting Subject—Students of a London art school who went to the Zoo to make sketches found a patient model in one of the elephants.



Big Toys—Not all the sailors of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens are children. Some of the big model yachts have grown-up owners, as this picture shows.

THE ARCHITECTS OF DARKNESS

The Sin of Wasting Daylight

TRYING TO LET LONDON'S DARK ROOMS

Architects gathered in session in London have been exchanging views on the best way of artificially lighting the interiors of the buildings they design.

Many interesting details were given of the varied advantages of throwing the light up to the ceiling, or of diffusing it through opal bowls, or through frosted glass applied to cornice or mantel, or let into the wall.

The advances in this kind of artificial lighting are great, but what is even more urgently needed is the better lighting of schoolrooms and offices by day. A conference of architects on day lighting might set us on our way.

In and Off the Strand

It might also help to reduce the number of offices to let in the very big modern blocks of them in and off the Strand. We hear many people asking why this is. The architects who made them almost as dark by day as a cellar is by night might supply the answer if they stopped to think about it.

Very few, even those who have to work in these rooms, are aware of the small proportion of daylight which filters into them.

If the illumination of a piece of white paper be measured when the paper is placed in the middle of an average office, and then placed on a table outdoors in an open space, it will be found that the outside illumination is 1000 times as great as in the room.

Striking Percentages

Some time ago the percentage of daylight illumination received from outside in a number of London buildings was worked out. The British Museum Reading Room, which is provided with skylights, is well-off. It receives seven-thousandths of the outside daylight. But the entrance hall just within the glass doors receives only one-thousandth.

The Law Courts are better off; the House of Commons worse. The best-seated Member of Parliament receives only one-thousandth. Others get no more than a third as much.

It was found that the representative institution of the Booking Hall at Charing Cross Station was worse off than any of these examples. It receives only one ten-thousandth part of the daylight of the Strand.

THE GIRL CARPENTERS OF CHESTER

Chester is full of lovely surprises and interests, survivals from Roman and Tudor yesterdays. But she has developed a new one, wholly of today.

Miss Manifold, headmistress of the Central School, asked her girls: "Would you rather go on with sewing, or would you care to try woodwork with the boys?" She was astonished at the eager acceptance of the chance to learn carpentry. Mr Morris, the instructor, is astonished too, but his surprise is caused by the skill shown by his pupils.

They have all taken to saws, hammers, and screwdrivers like ducks to water, and have patience and perseverance to match their skill. Their parents are delighted, and have hastened to provide materials. Now the results are beginning to show, and the workshop is worth inspection.

They are no amateur efforts. Nancy, aged 14, is making a fine bed for herself; a very skilled job! Annie, aged 15, is just finishing a handsome bookcase and smoker's cabinet; and Helen is making a cabinet for shoes!

THE BOOK-BACK

A Bright Idea From Yorkshire

Once a bright person thought of writing a few tables and rhymes on the back of school exercise books.

Roman numerals and the Thirty-days-hath-September rhyme were among them. They were rarely learned as lessons, but these useful little bits of knowledge jumped off the exercise book covers into the minds of boys and girls and remained there ever after.

Now an even brighter person has thought of something better. This is to print on the covers of the exercise books used by West Riding scholars some bits of stick-in-the-mind knowledge which are not only useful but essential.

Safety First

Beneath the space left for the name of the child and the school are written Safety First and some short, simple rules for crossing the street. There is other wise counsel, such as: *Don't follow a rolling ball into the road or street while there is traffic about, and Don't play at being Last Across on any road or street.*

At the back of the book are these notes on Wild Flowers and Tidiness.

WILD FLOWERS

1. The countryside is very beautiful, especially when the flowers, trees, and shrubs are in leaf and in bloom. England is noted for the number of its wild flowers, trees, and shrubs, but unless we take care to preserve them some flowers which already are very scarce will die out, while others now common will become very rare, and in time may become extinct.

2. We are very proud of our country and of its beauty, but if we are selfish and pluck too many blooms, which after all last only a few days when pulled, we rob it of much natural beauty.

3. It is the duty of everyone to help to preserve the beauty of the countryside. If we pluck wild flowers from the meadows, banks, or woods we should do it sparingly, so that sufficient blooms are left to seed and form new plants to take the place of those that naturally die year by year. Plants should not be uprooted; trees and shrubs should not be broken.

LET US BE TIDY

It is the duty of every citizen, young or old, to avoid leaving litter anywhere.

Children can help greatly to keep the town and country clean and tidy if they always obey these rules:

1. Put all waste paper, such as wrappings, bus and tram tickets, in the receptacles provided for them.

2. Put nutshells, peelings, skins, and waste portions of fruit in the special receivers for such material.

3. Do not selfishly gather wild flowers, twigs, and leaves, and then throw them away on the high road.

4. Do not litter any place with empty cartons, tins, pieces of glass, china, and so on.

Here is a wonderful idea of reminding schoolchildren of Safety First principles, of training them in an unconscious way in the appreciation of wild flowers, and helping them to become cleaner, tidier citizens. Other schools please copy.

One of these new covers has been sent to us by a teacher in a West Riding school. She tells us that they interest the children, and she is sure that they are already benefiting from the quiet scanning of their book backs.

TOOT

An airman can measure his height above the ground by means of a new instrument which makes a continuous toot-toot.

The noise of the toots is reflected back from the earth and is heard with a stethoscope. The time taken for the echo of the toots to reach the airman shows the height from the ground.

AT THE B.B.C.

By Our Town Girl

One of the most interesting small gatherings every night is the audience at the B.B.C., brought together to give the feeling of reality to the entertainer before the microphone.

To be in the studio at a B.B.C. entertainment is to be behind the scenes and yet among the audience at one and the same time.

The funny man puts on a tiny hat, the heroine smirks a bit, and the hero looks loving; the darkie (when he is not a real one) blackens his face, while you (who are of the watchers in front) clap and laugh, or (if you want to) cry. For you do not behave as though you were behind the scenes any more than they do; you behave as though you were a member of a super-audience, which indeed you are. You do not murmur to your next-door neighbour (once the little red lights have gone twinkle-twinkle over the door); you certainly do not sneeze.

The Small Box

Now, close to the funny man, close to the musicians, to the lovers, to the darkies, there is a small square box on a stand. It is not an interesting affair to look at, though you will not be in that studio long before you realise that it has a pervading personality. People appear to regard it with awe, if not with reverence. Now and again someone moves it very gently closer to someone else. Half the time all eyes are upon it. It commands silence at the right moment, sound at the right moment.

A man called an Announcer occasionally goes up to it and says something to it in an affectionate way, looking into its perforated holes with a caressing look in his eyes. The funny man takes off his hat to it and says Good-night. In fact, each performer says Good-night to it; but it does not answer. However, it is missing not one iota; it accepts everything offered to it, giving nothing in return, as a sightless Buddha sits with flowers heaping at its feet. That is to say, as far as the audience and the actors can see.

A Strange Hour

But in secret the box is a great giver. It is really rather like a boy playing Catch. It throws something which is caught by another, though you, the Watcher, only see the ball thrown; you never see its end or become aware of its final destination, for it may be caught by the invisible hands of America or of Spain.

It is a strange way to spend an hour, somewhere between the scene shifters and those in the stalls; you are a spider dangling between the ceiling and the floor, or a pilgrim in a parachute between Earth and Heaven.

And still . . . the perforated box with its inanimate command, so to speak, stands, with its mysterious controlling power, though seemingly aloof from the matter in hand, a symbol of all the hidden things of the Earth.

HEROES ALL

Craftsmen All (Edinburgh House Press 2s) is a little book of stories of the heroism of workers in the mission field all over the world.

This book should have a particular interest for our readers, for the author, Mr Edward Shillito, Literary Superintendent of the London Missionary Society, has been a frequent contributor to the C.N.

St Paul, he tells us, had visions of one Sanctuary for all humanity, yet with many chapels under one roof, reared and adorned by all the different families of mankind.

Before our eyes this Sanctuary is taking shape. Craftsmen of many lands are at work in India, China, Japan, Africa, and the islands of the seas. As we read of the work of some of the outstanding figures in the mission fields of far-distant lands—of evangelists, thinkers, poets, artists, and the great army of martyrs—we realise that these Craftsmen All are heroes all.

AN IRON WONDER

Magnitogorsk in the Urals

WORLD'S BIGGEST CONSTRUCTIVE TASK?

Away in the Ural Mountains, in that bare region which the Russians call the steppes, the Russian Government is building what is perhaps the greatest enterprise now under construction.

The undertaking is based on splendid iron-ore mines which are estimated to have 300 million tons of reserve ore, very rich in iron. A large proportion of it is quite near the surface. The works take their name of Magnitogorsk from a mountain rich in ore called the Magnet Mountain.

Eight blast furnaces are being constructed, and two of them are already in operation. Each furnace is to produce 1000 tons of pig iron a day.

A Converted Wilderness

Quite recently the spot was a wilderness, but it has now a population of 180,000 people.

This obviously meant the rapid construction of accommodation for the workers, who are temporarily housed in barracks built to a standard pattern while a proper city is being built. It is reckoned that by 1933 the town will number 300,000 people.

Never before have such great industrial enterprises been so suddenly planned and constructed. It is daring work, for the Russia of the past has been mainly an agricultural country and the Russians have not only to construct works but to train workers.

To give some conception of size, we may point out that this Magnitogorsk is planned to produce in a year nearly as much iron as was produced last year by all our British ironworks.

WHAT JUSTICE IS THERE HERE?

Who is it that is violating the Covenant of the League? It is those who created and who are trying to maintain in perpetuity two classes of States: one armed to the teeth, the other disarmed. What juridical and moral parity can exist between an armed and an unarmed man? *Signor Mussolini*

WHO WAS PETER THE HERMIT?

Born France, about 1050. Died Belgium, 1115.

Though not a great man in the best sense of the term, Peter the Hermit was one of the most astonishing figures of his age. First a soldier in the service of the Counts of Boulogne, he abandoned wife and family and became a monk. Roused by stories of the sufferings of Christians in Palestine, he went throughout Europe preaching a crusade.

Blessed by Pope Urban the Second he traversed a great part of Europe, riding bareheaded and barefooted, carrying a cross. Everywhere his fiery eloquence caused him to be received as an inspired prophet. A great multitude followed him, clamouring to be led forthwith to the Holy Land. With Peter at their head, some 40,000 enthusiasts set forth. They fought and slew and pillaged their way to Constantinople, and were practically exterminated by the Turks at Nicaea.

The Crusade, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, was accompanied by Peter the Hermit, who, during the long Siege of Antioch, was among those to lose heart and desert. He was carried back, to undergo a public reprimand. When at last Jerusalem was taken, the triumphant Crusaders fell at his feet and offered him thanks, as the original inspirer of their expedition.

The life of Peter the Hermit is an amazing example of the power of one gifted enthusiast to inspire to lofty heroism practically the whole people of a continent.

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GOLDEN ARCTURUS GIANT SUN OF FIERY MIST

Flying Through Space at 5000
Miles a Minute

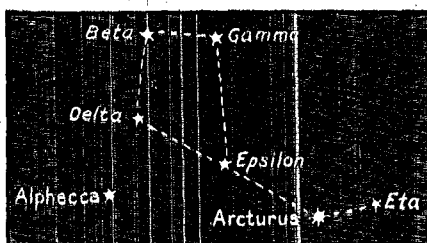
MERCURY, VENUS, AND JUPITER

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next Sunday the little world of Mercury will pass above the Sun (from left to right) at a distance of four times the apparent width of the Sun.

Mercury will, of course, not be visible as the dark side of the planet will be turned toward us. It will occur in the early morning, after which Mercury will pass to the west of the Sun, and in two to three weeks will be adorning the eastern sky in the early morning, though too near to the horizon to be seen.

Venus will appear in close proximity to the crescent Moon on the same evening, being about twelve times the



The kite-shaped constellation of Boötes, showing the relative position of Arcturus

Moon's width to the right of and below her. On the evening of April 9 Venus will be about the same distance to the left of and above the Moon.

By April 15 the Moon will be a little way to the left of Jupiter, which, being the brightest object in that part of the sky, will be readily identified.

Most of the objects of the evening sky will be seen to have congregated in the west. The east appears quite dull by comparison, but a very bright golden star may now be seen high above the eastern horizon. This is the giant sun Arcturus; it is due east between 8 and 9 o'clock and south-east later on. It is the brightest star in the constellation of Boötes, the Herdsman, and may be easily identified with the aid of the star-map.

So immense is Arcturus that by comparison Venus, Jupiter, and even our own Sun are celestial pigmies. Were Arcturus as near to us as our Sun we should see a colossal sphere of golden light about 27 times the width of our Sun in the heavens; for Arcturus has a diameter of about 23,380,000 miles, and so would extend just one-fourth of the way from our world to our Sun.

A Fortunate Fact

Were Arcturus no farther than the Sun it would very soon be disastrous to our world, for it pours out about 100 times as much light as and nearly 100 times more heat than our Sun. Fortunately for us the distance of Arcturus from the Earth is about 2,600,000 times as far as the Sun; and, although Arcturus gets nearer to us by about 185 miles in every minute on an average, it is speeding so fast toward the south-west that it will never reach our Solar System because the motion of Arcturus in this direction is about 5000 miles a minute.

This is exceptionally fast for a star to travel, so in spite of its vast distance Arcturus appears to travel in a thousand years over an area about as wide as the Moon's apparent size.

The light of Arcturus, which takes 41 years to reach us, is noteworthy for its golden colour; it is, in fact, a sun more yellow than our Sun, and yet not older on that account, but very much younger and in a much earlier stage of stellar evolution. Its surface temperature (about 4000 degrees Centigrade) is much less than our Sun's 6000 degrees, while its substance is singularly intangible. A glowing fiery mist, much more rarefied than the air we breathe, composes its material substance. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

One of Life's Great Secrets THE LITTLE KING WHO CRIED

Number of Members—32,646

Geneva has no children's theatre, but it has the good fortune to have M. Jacques-Dalcroze.

This master of music has written a musical play for children called *Le Petit Roi Qui Pleure*, and it has been performed in the big theatre of Geneva to overflowing audiences by children of the elementary schools of that city, and very splendidly they did it.

The Little King sat on a throne and wept and wept. Every few moments he took a fresh handkerchief from a basketful held by a small page on one side of him and dropped the wet one into a basket held by another small page on the other side, who passed it to a serving-maid to be wrung dry and promptly ironed for future use. His majesty never ceased to weep and no one knew how to stop him.

The Chamberlain thought of everything he could to cheer him up, and called in troupes of dancers, acrobats, jugglers, tiny tots who turned somersaults and cart-wheels, but all to no avail. The four reverend doctors with tall hats and most amusing antics came to examine the weeping boy. They pinched and pulled him about, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and decided that he must take a holiday, whereupon lots of little pages brought in lots of little suitcases, packed his clothes, put him into a chariot, and sent him off.

How the Cure Was Found

And so the charming story went on, and presently the cure was found. The Little King ceased to cry as soon as he began to do something for somebody else, and presently he was laughing aloud and enjoying himself as much as the rest of them. The play ended in a joyous chorus, the children singing to the audience their joy and delight in simply living, and advising the grown-ups, in spite of all their troubles, to follow their example.

So we learn the great lesson that the secret of life is to do something for somebody not ourselves. It is the secret of peace and happiness too. Every one of us, in joining the C.L.N., is doing something for somebody else, trying to add his share to the peace and prosperity and security of the world. You who have joined, will you not bring in your friends? One friend more a day drives war farther away, as the old proverb does not say.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C.L.N.,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.

No C.L.N. letters to be
sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the First Dog Watch on a Ship?

Four o'clock to six o'clock in the afternoon.

What is the Population of Great Britain, of Ireland, and of Japan?

Great Britain (England, Scotland, and Wales), 44,790,000; Northern Ireland, 1,256,000; Irish Free State, 2,949,000; Japan (mainland), 62,938,000.

What Are the Apocrypha?

Certain writings connected with the Old and New Testaments but not generally accepted as inspired. Commonly the word (Greek Apokryphos, secret) denotes the Old Testament Apocrypha included in the Greek and Latin versions, but not in the ordinary English Bible.

WORK FOR ALL NATIONS

Things That Might Be Done

SUGGESTIONS FROM GENEVA

A special report on unemployment by the International Labour Office of the League of Nations lays stress on the importance of organising public works in relief of unemployment.

It is pointed out that if such works are well planned they relieve unemployment while adding substantially to the wealth of the nations who organise them.

Unfortunately, we seem to have been pursuing an opposite policy, and to be shutting down all possible public work, thus throwing men out of employment and causing them to become drawers of the dole.

International Roads

The Geneva report goes farther, and suggests that something might be done to organise international public works, in which nations could assist each other.

To give an example of what is meant, there is the suggestion of a great international road system. Europe already has, of course, numerous and fine roads; certain European road systems are among the finest in the world.

But at the present day, when motor-traffic is increasing so enormously and so rapidly, these road systems are not sufficient to meet the needs of international trade.

Special roads for motor-traffic are everywhere being made in the most advanced countries of Europe. They are, however, not connected with one another, but resemble scattered fragments of a body which has not yet come into existence and which does not even appear to have been imagined as a whole by any human mind.

A European Nerve System

An international road system should have main arteries, both longitudinal and transversal. There might, for example, be one main artery passing through Paris, Vienna, and Athens; another through Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, and Moscow, with a trans-Alpine artery; and another from the Balkans to the Baltic. This, it is suggested, would represent the nerve system of a united Europe.

It is also pointed out that a system of navigable waterways is needed in Europe. One suggestion is that the Rhine, the Rhone, and the North German waterways should be linked up with the Danube.

THE OLD VOLUNTEER

From some Wood Green Almshouses the other day they carried to his last rest Mr John Paul, and with him they buried his old shako, the peaked hat with the upright plume.

He had been in the guard of honour that welcomed Queen Alexandra when she came to England as a bride. She was a young girl then, and she died an old woman. Volunteer John Paul was one of the very few who could remember her youth. He was 89 when he died. The oldest volunteer, Mr Charles Hodges, died a few days later aged 93.

In very old numbers of Punch we shall find many jokes about the old Volunteers of 1859. Because they were just private citizens, not professional soldiers, all sorts of comical mishaps were supposed to lie ahead of them; but we have no doubt that if need had arisen they would have shown the same cheerful good sense as the recruits of 1914.

The staff of the Paris Opéra, threatened with closing, have saved the situation by accepting wage reductions.

I taught Dad!



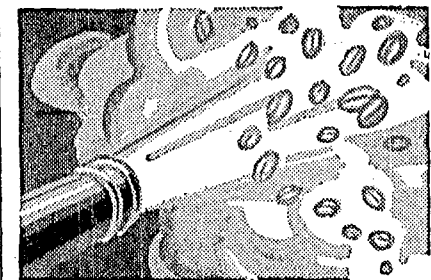
DICK'S proud of the fact that he introduced Dad to Puffed Wheat. His breakfast-table smile is worth seeing. Mother is delighted, too, because she knows the nourishment that these tempting grains provide.



DAD really enjoys Puffed Wheat—no longer does he think it only a children's cereal. Puffed grains are so light, yet so satisfying, he says.

Happy laughter that tells of healthy appetites . . . what mother doesn't respond to her kiddies' request for 'something to eat'? And what better, more nourishing, more appetising than Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Puffed Wheat is the whole grain, containing protein, which is the ideal body-builder. Puffed Rice provides all the vital food elements of selected rice. Both are delicious and easily digestible—both ready to serve.



FOOD shot from guns. Selected grains of rice or wheat are placed in specially constructed ovens. Fiery heat creates enormous pressure. When the guns are fired each grain is puffed to eight or ten times its normal size. The full story of this interesting and novel process is described on the back of each packet.

PUFFED RICE ALSO PUFFED WHEAT

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

A VERY BLACK REPUBLIC

SLAVERY STILL RIFE IN LIBERIA

No Good Result So Far From the League Exposure

SLAVE STATE AT GENEVA

The conscience of civilisation is still uneasy because of the cruelty and slavery still practised in Liberia, the Black Republic in Africa. The House of Lords has spent some hours in debating whether this country can do more to bring to a speedy end this blot on humanity.

It is particularly monstrous that slavery of the worst kind should exist in a State which owes its very existence to the greatest abolition of slavery in history. As long ago as 1821 American citizens freed slaves and founded a colony for them in their native Continent of Africa, and later, when the Southern Negroes were set free, thousands more were repatriated and a Republic was formed in which no white man was allowed to hold office. The number of the Negroes who received this great new start was 15,000, and they were given a Constitution modelled on that of America herself.

The League Inquiry

When, two years ago, the League heard that the descendants of these freed slaves were oppressing the two million natives of Liberia a Commission of Inquiry was sent out and discovered that the Liberian Government had been actually supporting, with officials and soldiers, acts of enslavement with all their associated cruelties. The Liberian President resigned and was succeeded by President Barclay.

The Government of Liberia professed much concern, and last year asked the League to send three experts to investigate the financial, sanitary, and economic conditions of the country. The report of these experts has not yet been presented to the League because the Liberian representative on the League has asked for delay.

Yet no improvement has been made in the slavery conditions in Liberia, and France, England, and America have now approached President Barclay direct. He has not proved conciliatory, and has denied that the Liberian Army has been acting cruelly.

Vindictive Action

There is little doubt that a form of forced labour akin to slavery is still practised, and it is said that vindictive action has been taken against the natives who gave evidence before the League Commission.

The League cannot interfere in the internal government of any State, but if Liberia needs financial aid from other States it can bring strong pressure to bear. The League could also expel Liberia from membership; and it is, of course, abominable that a Slave State should be accepted in the League.

No one wants Liberia to leave the League, as such drastic action would probably make the internal conditions of Liberia worse than they are, so that it is to be hoped the combined efforts of the three Great Powers will bring the Liberian Government to reason.

A SLAVE

A man who was born a slave has died in Trinidad. He was a very old man, and he had lived to see a new world born.

Alphonso Nurse was his name, and he was born in Barbados in 1826. It is difficult for us to realise that we are still so near the days of Negro slavery, but it will be harder for our descendants to realise that child slavery was permitted under the British flag in our day.

The cruel thing is as hard to kill as a snake, and as good at hiding itself. We must fight it for many a long day yet.

ZOO BABIES

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER

Ill-Tempered Buffalo Who Charged Her Offspring

AND A HAPPY FAMILY OF AUSTRALIAN DINGOES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Two baby animals with some claim to importance were born at the Zoo in time for Easter.

Both belong to the bovine tribe, one being a Cape buffalo and the other an anoa, a rare species of dwarf cattle from the Celebes Islands. The buffalo calf is struggling against a serious handicap, for his mother did not take kindly to him. The keeper who discovered that a baby buffalo had appeared on the scene found him in grave danger, for his mother, instead of tending him, was butting him cruelly with her strong head.

A Contrast in Mothers

The calf was then sent to the Zoo's hospital, and although he was in a very bad state he was induced to take nourishment from a feeding-bottle, and by degrees recovered.

As it was quite impossible, however, to persuade the mother to look after her infant the orphan remained in hospital to be reared by hand.

The anoa calf has been more fortunate. For the first few days after his birth he and his mother were kept in strict seclusion; but this was merely a precautionary measure, for the mother anoa has already reared one offspring and proved herself to be a model parent.

This Zoo baby is a quaint little creature, very like a small woolly black dog. An adult anoa is only the size of an ordinary domestic calf in his earliest youth; an anoa calf is so small that he could easily be picked up and nursed like a puppy, if his mother would allow this familiarity.

A Formidable Adversary

But this mother anoa will not allow her calf to be touched. She has become exceedingly aggressive and dangerous since his arrival, and in spite of her size she can be a formidable adversary, for her short horns are sharp and she knows how to use them.

Other new babies in the menagerie are a family of six dingoes, or Australian wild dogs. They have never been hidden, nor has their mother shown any desire to keep them away from her visitors. As soon as they are old enough to run about these puppies will be delightful playmates for their human admirers.

A KING'S FLOWERS

The King has received a present from the Maharajah of Nepal, the great State which forms for hundreds of miles the north-east boundary of British India.

The gift is a collection of 300 kinds of seeds and plants, and it is the fourth gift of this kind the Maharajah has sent the King. Botanists are not allowed to go into Nepal in search of specimens, so these collections are of great importance.

The plants were sent to the Natural History Museum at Kensington. They are being examined and classified, and the experts hope to find a number of new and interesting species which should be of great value to botanists.

The seeds have been sent to Kew, to Edinburgh, and to the nurseries in Hyde Park. It is expected that many new sorts of plants grown from them will be in flower next season. The more decorative will be sent to the gardens of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, and to the royal parks and gardens open to the public.

Thousands of our people, we may expect, will soon be able to see flowers which two years ago few white men had ever set eyes on.

THE LITTLE GREEN SAFE

And Its Old Papers

The little green safe was up for sale again.

For years it had been travelling the country and had been in the hands of dealer after dealer; but because the key was lost it was looked upon as useless lumber, and put up for sale once more. Dealers are busy men, and it did not seem worth anyone's while to take the safe to a locksmith.

This time the father of Noreen Downs, a C.N. reader, was in the sale room. To him there was something mysterious about the little green safe. He wondered if it had a secret hidden inside it. So he made a bid, and presently the safe belonged to him. He took it to a locksmith, who unpicked the lock and made a key for it.

Signatures of the Great

Then the little green safe opened and revealed its own story. Inside it there were a book and a bundle of papers tied up with ribbon, nearly all of them bearing the signatures of great personages of the past.

Here could be seen the handwriting of George the Third, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Queen Victoria; they had signed these documents, which had been given to a Richard Basset, Colonel of the Knights of Windsor, when he received his promotions.

Other papers showed that he fought in the Spanish War with distinction, for they bore the signature of Queen Isabella of Spain, who granted him some promotion in 1837; and there were many other signatures of great people of over a century ago, including that of the Duke of Wellington.

OUR DRY WINTER

Water Shortage in Villages

The wet summer of 1931 has been more than compensated for by the dry winter succeeding it. In the past hundred years only the winters of 1873 and 1890 have been so free from rain.

The last day of this winter was the 64th day of a drought which tested the water supplies of many villages to a degree practically unknown in cold weather, and the dykes were lower and lower with the passing of February.

In the four months beginning with December the rainfall was only 40 per cent of normal, while some parts of Essex and Kent received only a third of their average for these months.

There have been fires in Epping Forest and on some of our commons, but the drought has not seriously affected arable farming. It will, however, affect the hay harvest considerably.

THE RHUBARB TRAIN

A rush and a roar! Porters hurrying, and well-laden trucks speeding to the yawning vans of the impatient midnight train. It is Number 904 up, mysterious, important. Loading proceeds swiftly, with quiet concentration. What does she carry? Gold bars? No—just rhubarb!

The West Riding of Yorkshire grows acres and acres of rhubarb, and practically all of it comes to London. Covent Garden cannot cope with it; other London markets get some too.

"Number 904 up" is the response of the L.N.E.R. to this special seasonal trade. In the height of the season she carries 45 tons of pink and green bundles every night! Special vacuum-fitted wagons collect the rhubarb from West Riding stations, and at Ardsley are made up into the 904. She leaves Yorkshire at 9.12 p.m., and gets into King's Cross at 2.10 a.m.

This is why Londoners are able to get such quantities of early rhubarb, fresh and cheap!

TWO NATIONS AND A PARK

THE FRONTIER OF PEACE

A Glorious Memorial of Friendship and Goodwill

TEN MILLION ACRES

Canada and the United States are proposing a glorious Peace Memorial.

Along the frontier line between these two countries ten million acres of beautiful lake and forest country may soon be set aside as a great natural reserve and a perpetual reminder of friendship between the people of North America.

This district consists of the Rainy Lake Watershed, 180 miles long and 120 miles across, and it is one of the few pieces of primitive country in North America which have remained almost unchanged since the coming of the white man.

As in Remote Times

There are thousands of glacial lakes and primeval forests full of moose, deer, and other animals and birds. Red Indians of the Ojibway tribe still live here in wigwams, moving from place to place in their canoes made of birchbark and hunting, trapping, and fishing as in remote times. Fish are abundant in the lakes. Muskellunge and lake trout three and four feet long are often caught.

At first, when we hear of this huge reservation, larger than Wales, being set aside for ever we wonder if it will not be wanted some day for the increased population of the future.

We are told that the economic value of the land is slight. There are a few scattered mines, but the glaciers of prehistoric times carried away the best part of the soil.

The value of the timber will not be lost, for when the land becomes a reserve lumbering will still go on. It will be done scientifically, so that the wild beauty of this district will remain unharmed. Already lumbering of any kind is forbidden within sight of the shore-line of the lakes.

The First International Park

Up to now about five million acres only are under Government protection, and much work will have to be done in both countries before the first international park in the world, of which over seven million acres would lie in Canada and over two million in Minnesota, can be established.

Every summer thousands of Americans and Canadians spend ideal holidays camping in the Rainy Lake district, travelling by canoe through the depths of the forests and obtaining almost unbelievable peace and refreshment after the turmoil of life in great cities.

Some years ago the Ontario Government made part of this land into the Quebec Provincial Park, a reserve of a million acres. At the same time the American Government made the Superior National Forest by reserving one and a half million acres of adjoining forest land.

Never before in the history of international relations has land on either side of a frontier been permanently preserved without a treaty being made between the two Governments.

A RUDDER COMES ASHORE

The Berengaria has lost its tail.

The great liner is at Southampton undergoing its spring overhaul and the rudder has gone back to the makers at Darlington to be tightened up generally. The journey was made by road, and as it is an outsize in rudders none but the biggest lorry in the world was used for the 316-mile journey, which took about a week. The rudder is 41 feet long, 17 feet wide, and weighs 55 tons.

The Berengaria will be ready to sail again, complete with rudder, by April 23.

Picture on page 3

April 9, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 1 A Piece of Paper

TIMOTHY CRANE stood on the pavement and watched the busy crowds streaming past him up and down Holborn.

"People, people, everywhere, and not a thing to do," he muttered. A bus marked Regent's Park, held in the traffic higher up, gave him an idea. Why not go to the Zoo? He stepped across the pavement and took his place among the patient waiters on the kerb under the bus stop.

Suddenly he heard behind him a high-pitched, whining voice saying monotonously, "Won't someone please take me across the street? Please take me across the street!"

Timothy turned. An elderly man, bent over two sticks and apparently blind, was pushing his way through the crowd of people. As Timothy looked a woman said: "I'll help you!" but the beggar shook his head and moved brusquely away from her. A young man in working clothes took the beggar's arm. "Come along, Dad, I'll see you safe," he said. But the beggar shook him off and moved straight toward Timothy. His face, which was covered with a three-day growth of beard and dark-blue spectacles, was turned appealingly up at the boy.

"I'll take you across, if you like," said Timothy, stepping forward.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the man with a curious fervour, and gripped the boy's arm tightly.

Timothy glanced down at him in some surprise, for the man had gripped his arm not with his left hand, which was the nearer as he was on Timothy's right, but with his right hand. He had tucked both his sticks under his right arm. This made walking difficult, for the man had to advance with a crab-like movement, clinging all the while to Timothy's arm.

"My left hand is a bit lame-like," said the beggar, and Timothy wondered how the man could have seen his glance of surprise.

"Perhaps he's not altogether blind, poor chap," he thought.

By now they had reached the opposite pavement.

"I'll be all right now, thank you," said the beggar hastily. His grip on Timothy's arm relaxed and slid down to the boy's hand, into which he slipped something. Then with surprising agility he ran across the pavement and disappeared into a narrow alley between two buildings.

For a moment Timothy stood bewildered, staring blankly at the thing the beggar had thrust into his hand. It was a dirty bit of paper, folded small, with a curious drawing on the outside like a roughly-made aeroplane propeller. As his puzzled eyes left the bit of paper Timothy saw lying at his feet a little silver button having the same shape, but beautifully made. Could the beggar have dropped it? Abstractedly Timothy picked it up; on the back was scratched the number Three.

"I must find him," muttered Timothy to himself, "and find out if it is his."

But although he searched the neighbouring streets the beggar had disappeared.

Timothy began to suspect that his painful hobble on two sticks had been from choice rather than necessity. He gave up the search and dropped the button into his pocket. It was of no great value. Then he unfolded the paper. On it was scrawled:

No. 13. New password: Highflyer. New address: 6, African Court, top. 22 hours. Beware traitor. 3.

Timothy could make nothing of it. He read and re-read the note until he knew the words by heart. But still he could make nothing of it. At last with a shrug he decided that it must have been some kind of practical joke, or a mistake. It was no good trying to find the blue-spectacled man who had given it to him. By now he suspected even more strongly that the blue spectacles, like the hobble and the two sticks, had served their purpose of disguise and had been discarded.

"One thing at least is certain," he said to himself: "it has nothing to do with me." He crushed the bit of paper and dropped it into the pocket of his coat, for he disliked littering the streets. But the button, as he took it out for another look, seemed such a pretty thing that he put it into his purse with a half-formed idea of taking it to the lost property office in case the loser had valued it.

Timothy could not know, as he dropped the button in among the loose shillings and half-crowns in his purse, that this action was later to save his life.

Now he only looked casually up Holborn to see if there was another Regent's Park bus in sight. There was, and Timothy had only a moment to wait for it. How was he to know the beggar who had clung so tightly to his right arm had contrived to put a mark in red chalk on the back of his coat, and that, as he swung aboard the bus, a man in a top hat got on too!

CHAPTER 2

Peanuts at the Monkey House

As the bus rolled through the streets Timothy sat and puzzled over the curious thing that had happened. What on earth had that note meant? It began with the number 13, and ended with the number 3. Well, how do notes usually begin and end? They begin with the name of the person addressed and end with a signature. In that case the note was intended for someone called 13.

And then the warning about the traitor. If they knew the "traitor," why didn't they deal with him? If not—why, Number 13 might himself be the traitor, and that note would put him on his guard. No; Number 13 must be someone who could not be the traitor. In that case he was in a special position. What position? Timothy laughed at himself. How was he to know when he hadn't an inkling what it was all about? Number 3 must also be in a special position as he gave the warning about the traitor.

Timothy suddenly struck his knee as he remembered something. By Jove, that silver button or badge had a figure 3 scratched on the back of it. It must have belonged to the beggar—no doubt the writer of the note. Was he the leader in some criminal gang? But if so he must surely have known the other members by sight? How had he come to mistake Timothy for Number 13, whoever Number 13 might be?

It seemed all quite inexplicable. For a moment Timothy was tempted to investigate. The note had revealed the place of meeting and the password. Apparently these had been hastily changed when it was discovered that the gang had a traitor among them, and the safe members were being notified in this strange way. What time was the meeting? He remembered the figures in the note: "22 hours." Twenty-two hours from now? No; twenty-two hours in Continental time meant 10 o'clock.

It would be fun, thought Timothy, to present himself at their meeting, and see what happened. Yes, but suppose he found himself in the midst of a gang of diamond smugglers or anarchists? Suppose one of them knew Number 13 by sight, and denounced Timothy as a spy? He might be stunned and dropped into the canal as knowing too much.

"In any case, it's no business of mine," thought Timothy, "and here we are at the Zoo."

There was no reason for Timothy to notice a man in a top hat who also descended from the bus at the Zoo, and no reason for him to be surprised that this elegant stranger bought peanuts for the monkeys immediately after Timothy had bought his own bag of them. Nor was there any reason for Timothy to watch as the man took a small, sharp penknife from his pocket and carefully cut one of the nuts open. Timothy wandered on to the Monkey House and amused himself mildly by tossing peanuts between the bars to the chattering prisoners.

A courteous voice made him turn. A man, very elegantly turned out, was pointing toward Timothy's feet with a lemon-gloved hand.

"You have dropped one of your peanuts, my boy," said the top-hatted stranger.

Timothy's jaw dropped. It seemed a very curious remark to come from such a source. Nevertheless, he looked down, and there, at his feet, lay a peanut. This was not surprising, and Timothy glanced again at the stranger without stooping.

"Waste not, want not," said the man in the top hat playfully. But under his playful tone there lay a curious hard tone of command, and Timothy, in spite of himself, stooped to pick up the nut. As he did so he started. That nut had been cut open and was now held together with a band of elastic. More, it was strangely light in weight. Timothy, as he straightened from his stooping posture, pondered deeply.

He made as if to toss the peanut to an eagerly-waiting monkey, and was rewarded by seeing the stranger's eyes tighten watchfully. Timothy already had an odd

Continued on the next page



WINS ALL HEARTS

KNOW WHAT YOU BUY.

Fruit—the whole fruit—and nothing but the fruit.

Nothing short of Hartley's will do—especially for Children.

HARTLEY'S STRAWBERRY JAM

BUY WISELY—
BUY

HARTLEY'S

JELLIES, JAMS
& MARMALADE

Boy Scout Film Actors!

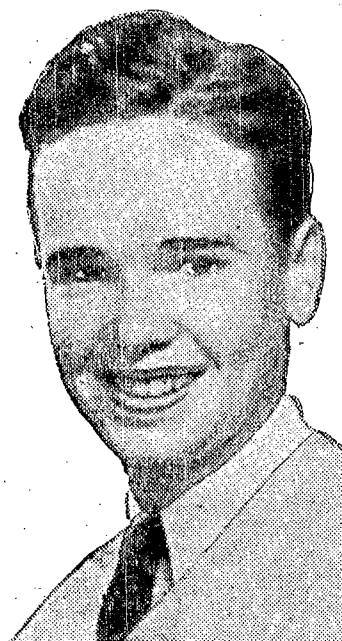
Real Red Indians and Real Boy Scouts have combined to make a startlingly splendid film in the wilds of California—with a fifteen-year-old Scout as hero. It will shortly be shown in this country—and in this week's issue of MODERN BOY there is a splendidly illustrated two-page article which tells you something about it well in advance. Here you see the lucky hero, Edward Royle, who has had the chance of a lifetime, and has made good in "the pictures." Wouldn't you like to do the same? But if you can't do it, at least you can read about it.

Don't forget your copy of this week's issue of

THE MODERN BOY

Now on Sale

2d.



**Children simply love this
treat—fruit and milk with
SHREDDED WHEAT**

peanut or two in his hand. By means of a quick substitution he tossed one of these to a monkey far back in the cage.

A look of fury mixed with contempt came into the eyes of the elegant stranger. He turned abruptly and walked away.

"He thinks I'm either a fool, and didn't notice that the peanut had been tampered with, or that I've deliberately ignored whatever he is trying to communicate," considered Timothy, as he stood rubbing his chin and gazing after the beautifully-tailored back that was now disappearing between the buildings.

"But just what was he trying to do?" thought Timothy, and added: "I'll know better when I've investigated that peanut."

He crushed the nut between his fingers. Inside it was a bit of rolled paper. On the paper were the words: *Name your price.*

"Well—I'm—bothered!" murmured Timothy, glancing at the incomprehensible words. "First a ragged beggar in Holborn invites me to a party, and now this tailor's model with unpleasant eyes offers me money. Now, what am I supposed to have to sell? Or, rather, what has this lucky Number 13 chap got to sell? And why doesn't he do it in the ordinary way of business? It's all as absurd as—a cageful of monkeys," he added, as his eyes fell on the chattering animals before him. "Here you are, you chaps. You can have the lot. I'm going off to think this riddle out over a bottle of ginger ale."

Timothy emptied his remaining nuts into the cage, and strode off to a refreshment bar; there he ordered his favourite drink. As the waitress uncapped the bottle and poured a fizzing glass full he started. From the back of the room had come a cry of "Fire!"

The eyes of the girl who held the ginger-ale bottle dilated as she looked past Timothy into the farther corner of the room. Then with a smothered gasp she put it down and ran toward the fire.

Timothy set down his untouched glass on the bar counter and ran to see what could be done.

"It's only some crumpled newspapers, sir," said the waitress, trying to stamp out the fire. "What I can't understand is how they ever got alight."

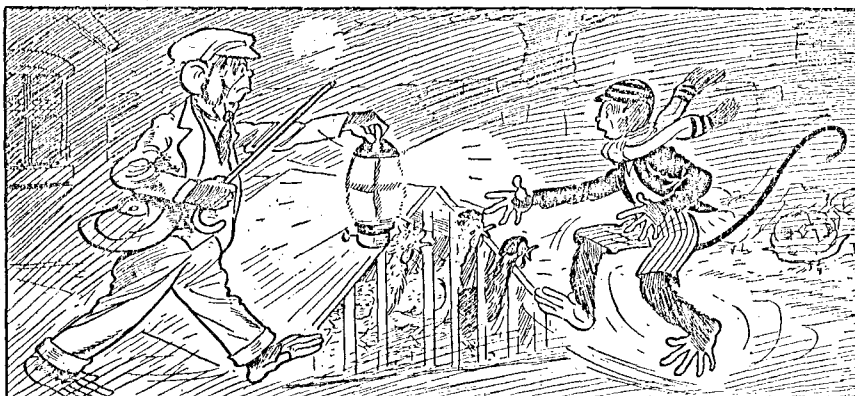
"Be careful or you'll be on fire yourself," said Timothy. "Give me some of your

Continued in the last column

JACKO TAKES A SHORT CUT

Mrs Jacko felt proud of her boys when they were ready to start for Chimp's birthday party.

Jacko had never looked so smart before; his collar was spotless, and his new tie was so bright that Adolphus said it made him blink.



"What are you doing here?" shouted Mr Orang

"Now, Jacko, you must put on that woolly scarf I made you," ordered his mother. "You haven't quite lost your cold and the evenings are chilly."

"I can't find the thing!" grumbled Jacko, tossing the things over and over. "We shall be late!" fussed Adolphus.

"Look here, Jacko, I'm going on. You can run after me and catch me up."

Although the scarf turned up in a few minutes Jacko could see no sign of Adolphus, not even of his tail vanishing round the corner of the street.

Chimp lived two streets away.

"I'll get there first, all the same," thought Jacko. "I'll take a short cut instead of going round by the road. Won't Adolphus be surprised when he arrives and finds me there!"

He leaped back over the gate into the garden, blundered among cold, wet cabbages, and soon felt his way in the darkness to the familiar wall. He was over it in no time.

But it was not so easy crossing the next garden, which belonged to old

Mr Orang. He groped along over squelching mud, and then suddenly he bumped into something.

It was a henhouse, and there was a chorus of loud, indignant squawking. All the cocks and hens screamed at him so loudly that Jacko was thoroughly scared. He was scurrying away when a bright light flashed in his face.

"What are you doing here?" shouted Mr Orang. "Trying to steal my chickens, are you?"

And before Jacko could explain the indignant Mr Orang caught him a sharp blow on the knuckles with his stick. . .

He made up for his mistake by pushing a lump of nut chocolate in Jacko's hand; but Adolphus arrived at the party first after all.

dish towels, and I'll see if I can beat it out with them."

The waitress did as she was asked, and in a few minutes Timothy had the fire out. Meanwhile, all the people had left the place. This was unfortunate, for now there was no one to see an elegantly-dressed figure pass by the deserted refreshment counter and stop for the barest fraction of a minute beside Timothy's waiting glass of ginger ale. This man might, if he had wished to do so, have explained how the crumpled newspaper came to be behind the pile of biscuit boxes, and also how it was set alight. He left the refreshment-room as quietly as he had entered it.

A minute or two later Timothy returned to his now urgently desired glass of ginger ale, mopping his hot forehead.

"It was good of you to help me," said the waitress, taking her place again behind the bar. "I can't think how it started. I hope your ginger ale hasn't gone flat."

"No, it's all right, thanks," returned Timothy, reaching for the glass of greenish liquid which seemed specially attractive and cool after his exertions. He drank it off at a draught, then, as he set down the empty glass, he made a wry face.

"Has it gone flat?" asked the waitress.

"Flat?" said Timothy, feeling unaccountably queer. "No; it tasted more bitter than flat. Could I have a glass of water?"

But the water did not take the wry taste out of his mouth. More, he was beginning to feel oddly light headed.

"I think I'd better get home," he muttered to himself. "It must be the heat."

The atmosphere of the tearoom had become intolerably close. He paid his bill hastily and started for the fresh air.

To his surprise he found himself staggering as he walked toward the exit gate. The queer feeling increased. By the time he had reached the gate he was thankful to see that a taxicab stood at the kerb, almost as if it had been waiting for him. With his last strength he motioned to the dimly-seen driver, gave his home address, and got in, only to fall unconscious on the floor of the cab.

After that he remembered nothing until, slowly returning to consciousness, he became aware that he was lying on silk cushions. He opened his eyes and saw that he was in a luxuriously-furnished room. And opposite him sat the elegant stranger.

TO BE CONTINUED

Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll—crisp,—delicious,—most nourishing,—is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, if you use 'Atora,' the ready-shredded Suet.

Recipe for BAKED JAM ROLL.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (scaling up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. *Sufficient for 6 persons.*

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

Make it with —
Hugon's

'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 9, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

What Is the Time?

JACK asked Tom what time it was. "Oh, gone ten o'clock," replied Tom, glancing at his watch. "I know that," said Jack, "but I want the exact time." "Well, in another six minutes the long hand will be exactly opposite the place where the hour hand was three minutes ago. Work it out for yourself."

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La harpe Le lily Le chapeau

Savez-vous accorder votre harpe? Le feuillage du lily est piquant. Il est fier de son chapeau neuf.

What Country Is This?

IN the path but not in the road,
In the rule but not in the mode,
In the fence but not in the wall,
In the long but not in the tall,
In the earth but not in the soil,
In the work but not in the toll,
In the duty but not in the toll,
In Central Europe is my whole.

Answer next week

Long Ago

Wallpaper. It is believed that the Chinese used wallpaper two thousand years ago, but the earliest example found in England dates from 1509. This was discovered attached to some old ceiling beams when Christ's College, Cambridge, was under repair. It was stamped with a black-and-white design.

But wallpaper did not become really fashionable until George the First employed the architect Kent to decorate Kensington Palace, and he produced an effect which was much admired by papering the king's drawing-room.

These Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to March 12, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1932 1931	1932 1931
London	5255 5502	5290 5759
Glasgow	1901 1865	1719 1569
Liverpool	1526 1465	1034 1069
Dublin	802 932	629 785
Belfast	736 762	671 716
Edinburgh	510 556	668 612
Nottingham	378 426	330 410
Cardiff	278 301	273 309
York	105 103	115 118
Ipswich	102 125	146 131
Bath	67 69	117 129
Canterbury	22 33	24 52

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

JILL's sister, who was five years older than she was, had been given a hen and twelve eggs for the hen to sit on.

Daddy had built Dulcie a hen-coop, and she and Jill were very excited, waiting for the chickens to come out. But after a time Jill got tired of looking at Dulcie's hen: Dulcie always fed it herself, and would hardly let Jill stroke it with her fat little hand for fear of frightening it.

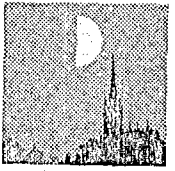
"I want a hen of my own," was Jill's cry. "Why can't I have a hen too, Mummy?"

"You're too small, darling," her mother told her. "When you are as old as Dulcie you shall have one."

"But I want one now," cried Jill impatiently.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Neptune are in the South and Venus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on April 14.



A Hidden Saying

A WELL-KNOWN saying of 28 letters can be formed by using only these eight letters: D I N S A F E R Answer next week

Mixed Metaphor

AN American was carried away by excitement when commenting on an election result. Can you guess what he meant? "The fall of corruption has been dispelled, and the wheels of the State Government will no longer be trammelled by sharks that have beset the public prosperity like locusts."

Arithmetical Spelling

LET fifty be added to ten, And to this be annexed the same number again:

Ten more, having first undergone transposition, May then take its place in the final position. The total, read rightly, assuredly gives A title deserved by each good man who lives.

Answer next week

Spanish Proverbs

A MEWING cat is no mouser. Water that has run by will turn no mill. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. To shave an ass is a waste of lather.

A Charade

MY first, my next, and both combined. Are all injurious reckoned; And true it is my first you'll find Produce my whole and second. My first will most affect your sight; My next your tools and fenders; My whole your mind when wanting light.

Answer next week

What's In a Name?

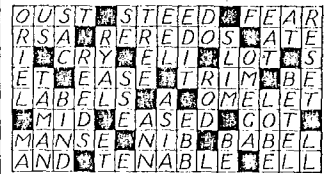
The Butcher. We know the butcher today as the man who sells us all kinds of meat for dinner. But in olden times he was called the bocher, which meant the man who killed goats, boc being an old French word for a goat.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

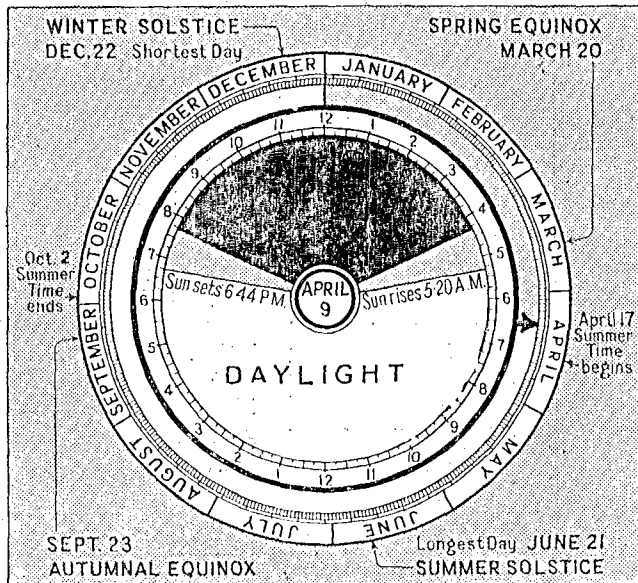
Two Milk Churns 10½ gallons and 5½ gallons. Beheaded Word. Meat, cat, at.

Puzzle in Rhyme. Cuff.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 9. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

S-sh!

HOITY: What I've just told you is an absolute secret.

TOITY: Yes; so everybody says.

Kind

THE young undergraduate was complaining to a friend about his guardian.

"He may be very kind, but my requests for more cash have just been ignored in his letters to me. What sort of kindness do you call that?" he asked.

"Unremitting kindness," was the reply.

Simplified Spelling



SPELLING is so difficult, for T-E-A is T. And U-I think is Y-O-U, and S-E-E is C. Writing would be easier, I really think, don't U. If we could use the alphabet just as we wanted 2.

Weighty

MOTHER: Mr Sand the grocer has some queer ideas.

FATHER: How so?
MOTHER: Why, eggs are so large this week that he thinks ten make a dozen.

A Quiet Spot

JONES had entertained his friend with an account of life in the place where he spent his boyhood. "I suppose it is one of those places where everybody turns out to see the train arrive," said the friend.

"Which train?" asked Jones in surprise.

A Simple Task

THE lady of the house recognised the tramp. "You were here last week," she said reprovingly. "I gave you a large cake, and yet you come again."

"That's quite all right, lady," said the tramp. "Your cake was nothing to me. I used to be a sword swallower."

JILL'S NEST

"but you had better visit your hen only once a day or you may frighten her off the eggs, and they'll never hatch."

So Jill went every day very quietly to look at her nest. If the mother bird was on it she crept away; but if the eggs were uncovered she gazed at them with delight. She took Dulcie to see them for a great treat.

Then one morning the five blue eggs had gone, and in their place were five gaping yellow beaks on five little pink hairy balls!

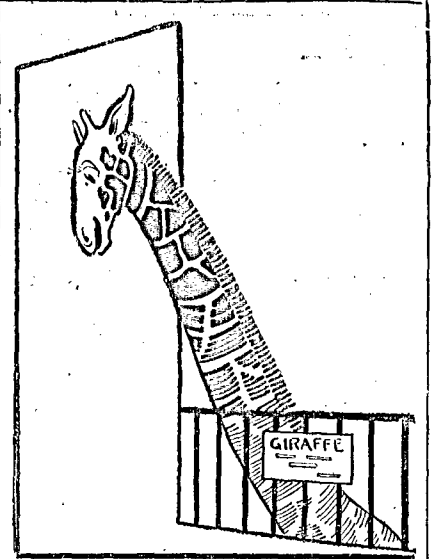
"My chickens are all hatched—five!" Jill called excitedly.

"Why, you've been luckier than Dulcie," said Mummy, "for three of her eggs didn't hatch at all!"



A blackbird flew out

"I don't want a chicken," persisted the little girl. "I want a hen and some eggs to turn into chickens!"



For
your
Throat



Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES

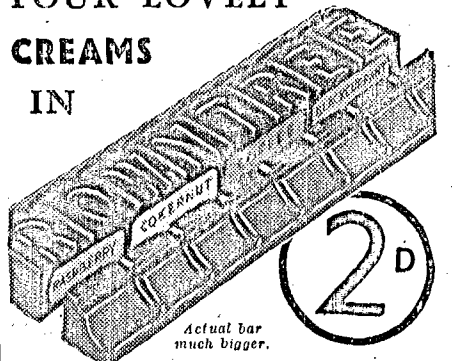
Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.
Your Chemist stocks them.
In Tins, 2 ozs. 6d. 4 ozs. 1/3

FOUR or SIX?

FOUR LOVELY

CREAMS

IN



ROWNTREE'S

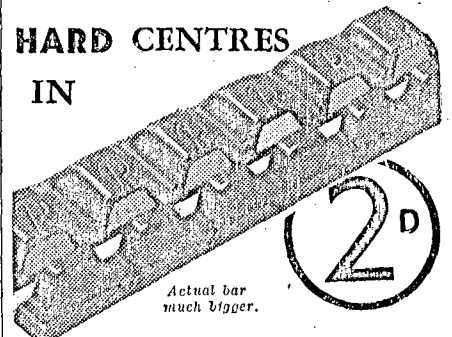
4-CENTRE TABLET

OR

SIX DIFFERENT

HARD CENTRES

IN



ROWNTREE'S

6-FLAVOUR BAR

FC226-17